THE
NATION

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The Ph.D. Glut
HARD TIMES ON CAMPUS
Alan Wolfe

Labor Speaks
THE SUFFERING MAJORITY
B. J. Widick

NOVEMBER ELECTIONS
Nixon's Record Is the Issue
Robert Sherrill

Donald Barthelme / Peter Berek
ERNEST GRUENING on POPULATION

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LETTERS

The *Times* on itself

DEAR SIRS: In "Mr. Agnew's Oversights" [*The Nation*, Jan. 26], Stephen R. Barnett suggests that *The New York Times* has "strangely" failed to express itself on the so-called "Newspaper Preservation Bill." The fact is that the *Times* has expressed itself, on the issues posed by this legislation and not only in our editorial of Mar. 13, 1969, which Mr. Barnett discounts. That editorial, which dealt primarily with a decision of the Supreme Court on the Tucson case, flatly stated that "The constitutional guarantee of freedom of the press provides the press with no warrant for seeking exemption from the laws prohibiting monopoly." Although Mr. Barnett quoted that very sentence, he chooses to call it "cryptic." We think its meaning is perfectly clear.

However, long before then, on July 14, 1967, the *Times*'s position on the proposed legislation was explicitly presented at hearings of the Subcommittee on Anti-Trust and Monopoly of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate. Louis M. Loeb, general counsel for *The New York Times*, stated:

> I do not see any necessity for antitrust legislation that singles out and applies only to newspapers. Indeed, I think it may well be against the public interest and in the long run against the interest of the press for it to be involved in such special legislation. . . .
>
> I do not favor a blanket exemption from the antitrust laws for the newspaper industry. I believe that reasonable joint operating agreements, which serve to maintain two papers in a community and which do not unreasonably restrain competition, are desirable and can function under the existent antitrust laws.
>
> The press . . . ought not to seek specific legislative advantages to the exclusion of other businesses that might have similar problems.

Since Mr. Loeb was speaking to the Senate subcommittee in his capacity as general counsel to the *Times*, it is manifestly untrue to suggest that the *Times*'s position on the proposed legislation was either equivocal or unknown.

Furthermore, in an editorial of Jan. 31 (a few days after Mr. Barnett's article) the *Times* stated: "We consider it foreign to the spirit of the freedom of the press, as guaranteed by the First Amendment, for Congress to pass a law granting the press immunity from the rules all other enterprises must obey to insure healthy competition."

To say that the *Times* has an interest in the passage of the Newspaper Preservation Act is not just unfair; it is untrue. Newspapers, as we have stated, have an obligation to resist the temptation of special legislation in their behalf. This obligation is essential if newspapers are to serve the public interest.

John B. Oakes, Editor of the Editorial Page
New York Times

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Oakes and the *Times* are to be congratulated on the editorial of Jan. 31, which does oppose the "Newspaper Preservation Bill." As Mr. Oakes notes, the editorial appeared a few days after my article. It is interesting to speculate whether this was a coincidence.

I adhere to my statement that, prior to Jan. 31, the *Times* had strangely failed to express itself on the bill. (As the text made clear, I was referring to editorial expressions.) And in view of the Jan. 31 editorial and Mr. Oakes's letter, I find the editorial stance of the *Times* on this issue more curious than ever.

The only previous *Times* editorial was that of Mar. 13,

(*Continued on page 627*)

EDITORIALS

After Kent

The shooting on the Kent University campus has been compared to the Boston Massacre. Actually, on a scale of atrocity, Kent ranks higher. The Boston event has been distorted in school history books. The British soldiers were under attack at close quarters; their commander, Captain Preston, intervened forcibly at the first shot, and John Adams himself successfully defended the accused. The Kent massacre seems to have lacked any justification whatsoever, and the age of the victims adds to its horror. Despite differences of degree, however, there is a psycho-political similarity between the killings of 1770 and of 1970. In both cases the timing of the event, the pent-up frustrations, the passions that were ready to explode, produced sequels out of proportion to the casualties. Kent may not be Boston, but it too marks a turning point.

Student agitation used to be confined to a band on the East Coast and another on the West, with a broad, largely unstirred population in between. The moral implications of the Vietnamese War have now penetrated to the universities of the "heartland"—Kent, Ohio State, Kansas, Kentucky and others, and to South Carolina. What is happening now is no longer a Berkeley or an Ivy League affair.

Jerrold K. Footlick, *Newsweek*'s education editor, concludes in the May 18 issue that the *student* anti-war movement is dead. "In its stead," he writes, "has arisen something the nation has never before known: a coldly aggressive, determinedly nonviolent, methodically calculating *university* anti-war movement that is uniting students, faculties and administrations against the policies of President Nixon."

Some see danger in the politicizing of the universities. There is danger, but in *The Nation*'s view there was greater danger in the "objectivity"—usually on the side of the *status quo*—which has been regarded as the proper academic attitude. We find good evidence that the lesson has been assimilated that political action is the only way in which the American crisis can be resolved, that in the absence of such action social chaos is the only realistic prospect. A significant political initiative has been taken by progressive elements among the young and by those allied with them. It is our best chance of averting catastrophe.

The McCarthy campaign in 1968 was a curtain raiser—essentially a romantic political adventure rather than a significant political initiative. Even so, it worked. It forced a President to step aside because it became impossible for him to travel about the country without encountering hostility. The same thing may happen to Richard Nixon—and is there no significance in the fact that, even before the catalyst of Kent, Spiro Agnew was orating only at Republican fund-raising dinners and similar right-wing assemblages? But there never was much chance that Senator McCarthy could capture the

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nomination. A bitter morning after was almost inevitable, and with it the unjustified conclusion that the electoral process is a fraud. It is still to be proved one, and this may be the last chance to show that it can be made to work.

But where's the leader? We account it a blessing that there is no outstanding, charismatic figure leading a children's crusade. This is a people's initiative, and that the people are predominantly young makes the outlook all the more promising. The leaders—multiple leadership will be needed—are emerging even now among young people who have been lobbying at the Capitol in the past week. It is also a new, though by no means unprecedented, development that less attention is being devoted to the drama of the Presidency, and more to that of the Congress. *The Washington Post* (May 12) carried a story about 100 student and faculty war protesters from the University of Virginia who engaged Virginia's two Senators, Harry F. Byrd, Jr., and William B. Spong, in a two-and-a-half-hour exchange about campus unrest and the Indo-Chinese war.

Senator Byrd did not give the group sixty minutes, and Senator Spong ninety, out of loving kindness. The delegations presented a strongly worded anti-war declaration drafted by university president Edgar F. Shannon, and signed by half the university's 9,700 students within twenty-four hours. The statement cited "anti-intellectualism and growing militarism in the national government," and condemned the invasion of Cambodia. The discussions were polite but sometimes heated. Neither Senator entirely satisfied the delegations, but neither could have failed to realize that a new force was emerging in politics.

This force can be brought to bear most effectively in Congressional districts where the turn-out is normally small and the vote stimulated by political amateurs can be decisive. The ringing of doorbells can be particularly effective in off-year campaigns. No one knows this better than the candidates. Some who have thought of themselves as having lifelong tenure may have to fight for their seats—and may lose them.

This is a very big, very diverse country. Much of it is reactionary and will take time to turn around. There is no more chance of doing this quickly than of changing the course of an ocean liner within a few yards. It is ridiculous to talk of revolution within a year or two, or of striking the military-industrial complex. Political action is never a one-shot proposition. There are never any apocalyptic revelations; the nearest we have come to that in this country was early in the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration. Politics is a continuous process that goes on between elections as well as during campaigns. The Princeton students who are now rearranging vacation periods so that they will have two weeks of free time for discussion of public issues before the coming Congressional elections are proceeding the right way, though more time than that will be needed at intervals during the year. Success this November, however, can set the stage for 1972.

IN THIS ISSUE

May 25, 1970

EDITORIALS

610

ARTICLES

614 The Two Germanys: Hammering at Recognition — *Joe Alex Morris, Jr.*

616 Labor Speaks: The Suffering Majority — *B. J. Widick*

619 November Elections: Nixon's Record Is the Issue — *Robert Sherrill*

623 The Ph.D. Glut: Hard Times on Campus — *Alan Wolfe*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

628 Gardner: The Unlawful Concert — *Edward F. Sherman*

629 Willow Song (poem) — *Milton Kessler*

630 Barthelme: City Life — *Peter Berek*

631 Ernst L. Freud, ed.: The Letters of Sigmund Freud and Arnold Zweig — *Paul Roazen*

632 Age? (poem) — *H. R. Hays*

633 Books on Population and World Food Resources — *Ernest Gruening*

635 Records — *David Hamilton*

636 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

637 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

638 For H.K. (poem) — *Judith N. Siegman*

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Front-Porch America

The New York Times assembled three reporters and a group of Kent State students for a discussion of the May 4 shootings. "The View from Kent State: 11 Speak Out" (May 11) is the most revealing of the documentation that has thus far appeared on that mournful event. To the extent that the views of these young men and women represent American student opinion, the country may have a future after all.

Provided, one must add, that students of this caliber elect to stay with it. Three of the men say they are planning to go abroad—one to Canada, one to Europe, one to Australia or New Zealand. This last one is particularly interesting. He is a former first lieutenant in the Green Berets with service in Asia, who even now regards himself as a conservative. (But after the shooting he was impelled to call a Guardsman a "pig.") One of the girls also plans to go abroad.

The discussion casts considerable light on the "generation gap" and who is responsible for it. A veteran of Vietnam on the panel said, "You want to jump up and scream, 'Somebody do something!' But the somebody we scream to is Mr. and Mrs. Front Porch America, who haven't done anything for the last how many years." Another of the men went home to Canton, Ohio, where the people were saying, "We ought to machine-gun them all. They should have killed them all right there. . . . They deserved it. It's about time." He did considerable research and that, he reports, is the general sentiment in that area. He believes Spiro Agnew is the most popular man in the country today. "Everybody didn't go to college," this student comments. "Everybody hasn't read the books we've read. They earn their $8,000 a year and have their own little home, their car and their job and they don't really care about anything else." Nixon's silent majority.

College students often refer to themselves as "kids." This symposium reveals eleven of them, from a large but heretofore obscure university, as mature, resolute citizens with brilliant insights. Nine of the eleven thought it likely that there would be more campus massacres. "Are you talking about Kent State?" a reporter asked. The Vietnamese veteran said, "I'm talking about Princeton, Yale, Kentucky, Ohio State, Miami. . . ." Somebody interrupted: "Notre Dame."

There is a possible prophylaxis. As Joe Hill says in the song: *Organize!*

When Does an Election Start?

The Democratic opposition, galvanized by Cambodia and the events at Kent State, has begun to stir. Lawrence O'Brien's speech at Milwaukee was a good though partisan presentation, which is exactly what was needed.

But the human voice carries only so far. For sizable political effect, a speech must be televised. The networks must be jarred out of their self-serving notion that the November Congressional election has not started. On that supposition they need not let the Democrats respond to what the President says over their circuits, and thus they insure minimal disturbance of their schedules. From every other standpoint, this is totally unrealistic. The election started when Mr. Nixon took it on himself to move into the Fish Hook.

Another flight from reality is the notion that when the President speaks it is an *ex cathedra* occasion. It may be that, but it is also a political occasion and when the President is Richard Nixon it is hyper-political. It is only elementary fair play, especially in critical times, for the opposition to receive equal time *immediately after* the President has finished.

What happens now is that the President pre-empts prime time, his broadcast is extensively advertised throughout the day by network announcements, and he emerges to the solemn introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen: the President of the United States." To make sure that he will get a substantial jump on any analysts, the President withholds the text of his address to the zero hour. Meanwhile, his press relations staff have organized a mail and telephone claque to reinforce the place and time advantages of their "I have decided" boss.

After the image and voice of the most powerful ruler in the world fade from tube and speaker, the commentators come on. For the most part, they are nowadays what Walt Whitman called respecters of elected persons. Looking over their shoulders at Spiro the Phrasemaker, they give the speech the once-over-lightly. Even the remaining bold spirits are hobbled. The great man has spoken after hours of composition and rehearsal, while they have no time for reflection. By the morrow, when the Democrats are ready with their rebuttals, wives are getting the children off to school and the men are on their way to work.

This is a highly partisan game. It is playing it the way Mr. Nixon wants the networks to play it. If we wish to retain the two-party system, we must cultivate the idea of a responsible opposition, and give it a chance to air its views.

In the most recent case, the ABC network did give equal time. By carrying Lawrence O'Brien's speech, it showed greater respect for equity than did NBC and CBS. That was commendable as far as it went, but what is needed is advance release of the text of the Presidential address, and the right of instant rejoinder. Then, the following evening—not necessarily at the same hour that the President commanded, but at a time when the politically mature section of the audience is prepared to listen—the whole situation should be summed up by speakers for both sides. That would be democracy in action in the age of electronic communication.

The Odd Couple

Victor Riesel, the columnist, has been stating with pride that President Nixon could not carry on in Vietnam without the support of George Meany. Mr. Riesel is not far from the truth. Nor can one quarrel with his characterization of Nixon and Meany as an "odd couple."

In New York, during the week following the Kent massacre and the student reaction, several thousand construction workers took to the streets to show *their* support of Nixon, in *their* way. The result was what *The Wall Street Journal* calls "Bloody Friday." The workers attacked stu-

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dents who were demonstrating peacefully in the financial district, beating up men and women indiscriminately and beating and kicking the few Wall Street people who tried to come to the aid of the injured. Trinity Church was converted into a field hospital; there alone doctors and medical students treated sixty victims.

The *Journal* report suggests that the storm-trooper foray into Wall Street was no spontaneous upsurge of support for the war. One construction worker, who said his life would be endangered if he were identified, said the operation was organized by shop stewards with the support of some contractors. He said one contractor offered his men cash bonuses to join the action.

The workers were allowed to run amok through calculated inaction by the police, which is another problem. The political question raised by the riot is whether labor is inherently in opposition to those who are trying to end the war. Far from writing labor off, war protesters must consider ways of countering the alliance between Nixon and Meany which, without a direct connection, made the May 8 assault possible.

As we have pointed out in articles by Ronald Radosh, Henry Berger and others, organized labor has never opposed U.S. foreign policy. The more belligerent the policy, the more acceptable it has been to reactionary labor leaders and their followers. For twenty years George Meany has been a leading cold warrior.

But this is not an inevitable condition. As new forces have come into the universities, so new forces are making their appearance in the labor movement. B. J. Widick's article (p. 616) tells part of this story. The November 1969 moratorium demonstration in Washington was supported by American Labor Action and had Harold Gibbons, a vice president of the Teamsters, as a speaker. Labor was represented by a speaker at the Washington demonstration on May 9. By all indications, Meany and his lieutenants will face increasing difficulties as the war continues and the economy deteriorates.

A New & Responsible Congress

One or another of the various amendments being proposed in the Senate to impose restrictions on so-called "Presidential Wars" will probably be adopted. Resolutions will not suffice: what is needed is an amendment to pending legislation which if adopted would have the force of law. The Church-Cooper proposal is most likely to be adopted. It takes the form of an amendment which permits the President to wind up present operations in Cambodia, but would stop him from embarking on future military operations there without the approval of Congress. A better proposal, because more precise, particularly in its timetable, is offered by Senators McGovern, Cranston, Hatfield, Hughes, Goodell and others —the so-called Committee For a Vote on the War. (A parallel group in the House includes Representatives McCloskey, Riegle, Fraser, Mikva and others.) The committee is on the right track: force a vote on the war in the Congress as a preliminary step to taking the issue directly to the people in November.

In the House, however, there is a special problem. That body appears to be more hawkish than the Senate, in part because it is so difficult to force a record vote on key controversial issues. Without going into details, the rules provide that when amendments are offered to pending legislation, the House becomes a Committee of the Whole, and when acting in that fashion does not record votes. The best that can be hoped for is a teller's vote, which merely insures an accurate count. It is only when the House is acting on legislation that has been voted out that a record vote is taken. And since legislation, as reported to the House, usually reflects the views of the chairman of the particular committee, the only way to get at it, so to speak, is to offer amendments. Killing amendments without a record vote is one of the things the House does best. For example, it would take a small book to trace the intrigue which accomplished the sabotage over the last two weeks of the Reid-Findley-Leggett amendments to the military procurement act.

The result is that members of the Congress bask in anonymity. Allegedly liberal members often vote, anonymously, for military appropriations by killing amendments to cut them, and then piously tell their constituents how much they abhor the war. Above all, the "swing" vote in the Congress—the moderates—seeks shelter in the rule of anonymity. Suburban communities in many of their constituencies are strongly opposed to the war but are often thoroughly deceived as to the actual voting behavior of their representatives. Congress can never be made to act responsibly if its members cannot be brought to account for their voting behavior. Nowadays the electorate is becoming somewhat more sophisticated and delegations are often watching, from the galleries, to see how their Representative votes on key amendments. But there is a better way to make the House responsible. Representatives Mikva and Matsunaga have offered legislation the effect of which would be to make it much easier to get a record vote on vital issues such as ABM and the SST and amendments to cut the military budget.

So when lobbying and working for the election of a new Congress this year, those participating should keep two goals in mind: there must be some modification of the seniority system under which committee chairmanships are parceled out, and there must be some reform to make it easier to force a record vote. We need not merely a new Congress but a responsible Congress.

Uptight About Cuba

Edward Lamb, author of the following editorial, has made several trips to Cuba in the recent past. He enjoys a close relationship with Fidel Castro and has held extensive private discussions with the Cuban Premier. Mr. Lamb, a Toledo industrialist, owns companies engaged in sugar cane and sugar beet production, and has had substantial experience in the world sugar market. The Editors

Specialists in the U.S. State Department still suggest that the obstacles to recognition of Cuba boil down to three items: the expropriation of American industrial plants, Cuba's "subversive" or guerrilla activities in other Latin American countries, and the military arrangement with the Soviet Union. In my own talks with the folks on the Cuban desk, I've heard it suggested that the first two

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items might be negotiated but that the last, the military alignment, cannot be tolerated.

However, the real reason for the resistance to Cuban recognition lies elsewhere. Basically, the United States does not want other Latin American countries to know of Cuba's success in areas of health services, education and even the wholesome relationships between church groups and the state. The average American's knowledge of Cuba's social progress is fragmentary. The trade blockade has not succeeded. Any visitor to Cuba can see the modern shrimp boats from Spain, the buses and agricultural equipment from England and France, the spaghetti plants from Italy, the textiles from Japan and China, and the vast array of modern tools and equipment from the Soviet Union. The Cuban revolution is a going concern, supported by a great majority of the people.

Is this Administration big enough to recognize the failure of America's past policies toward Cuba? Or that our CIA activities and boycotts are only stimulating the Cubans to greater effort? This latter fact has been repeatedly pointed out by many U. S. Senators, including J. William Fulbright, Edward M. Kennedy, Stephen M. Young and others, but the Nixon people might also listen to the several hundreds of young American volunteers who have been in Cuba cutting cane. Many impartial observers from our churches, news media and universities have visited the island, and there is substantial agreement that the vast social experiment is creating a healthy and successful new society.

From a shortage of technological knowledge, including management techniques, the Cubans have made many errors as they have struggled to make the first social revolution in the Western Hemisphere a success. This year, they are setting big sugar, coffee, rice and citrus production records. The time has come to recognize their success; no amount of military bases, boycotts or coercion is likely to cause their downfall. The new man developing in Cuba must be an inspiration to young and progressive America. Our country ought to move to a position of friendship with this new society. *Edward Lamb*

THE TWO GERMANYS

HAMMERING AT RECOGNITION

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.
Mr. Morris is Bonn correspondent for the Los Angeles Times.

Bonn

Willy Brandt is discovering that the first steps are sometimes the easiest. His historic confrontation with East German Premier Willi Stoph at Erfurt was a success, Brandt feels, simply because it happened. There had been nothing like it in the previous twenty years during which two rival German governments faced each other—first across an arbitrary demarcation line and later, across ugly mine fields and barbed wire. Now it has happened. The skeptics reply: "So what?" Others put on a braver front, but the best they can ask is: "What next?"

Next is May 21, when the two men meet again at Kassel, this time on West German soil. The formalities of presenting their opposing positions were disposed of at Erfurt, and the Kassel meeting will show whether a real dialogue can replace the monologues of two leaders talking at each other. Brandt will not admit it, but I feel he is convinced that it won't happen at Kassel, and perhaps never on this exalted level. That would explain Brandt's eagerness to get the dialogue switched to the expert level as quickly as possible. It would also explain the East German opposition to this shift, and their incessant hammering at the theme of recognition or nothing.

The East Germans never wanted the talks in the first place, but for them the game is not terribly risky so long as Brandt finds himself hamstrung on the recognition issue—it is unacceptable, he says, for two German states to treat each other like foreign countries.

The opposition parties here have taken up the cry that Brandt is engaged in a "sellout" of German interests, which is nonsense. The Poles are much closer to the truth when they allege that Brandt's pious promises are not backed by a willingness to engage in a fundamental change of approach to the problems left behind by World War II.

That is not surprising, considering Brandt's orthodox cold-war political upbringing, including his stint as Mayor of Berlin during some of the worst days of confrontation. But it does lead an outside observer to wonder what the fuss is all about. So far, Brandt has followed a policy of dressing old policies in prettier political verbiage. His appeals to recognize the "realities," his concept of two German states in one nation, are nothing but more subtle ways of saying things that Kurt Georg Kiesinger, the Christian Democratic Union leader whom Brandt succeeded as chancellor last fall, could subscribe to.

Thus Brandt has been reluctant or unable to budge on the key point in the talks with Russia, Poland or East Germany: a legal reservation which has plagued East-West dealings for almost twenty years. That is the "peace treaty clause," which all West German Governments have insisted upon in any details with the East. It amounts to a simple notation that any territorial arrangements made today must be subject to revision when the world gets around to a formal peace treaty ending World War II—in effect, it is a refusal to recognize the *status quo*. To the Communist states, this looks like a loophole through which a future "*revanchist*" Bonn regime could lay claim to vast areas of present-day Poland and Russia (not to mention all of East Germany) which were once part of the Third Reich.

There has been only one exception to Bonn's insistence on the "peace treaty clause." When Chancellor Adenauer established diplomatic relations with Moscow in 1955, the old fox kept quiet about the clause—until the agreement had been announced. Then he issued a statement in

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Moscow saying that, of course, the agreement did not constitute West German recognition of the present borders! The gall of the old man was truly impressive, and the Russians reacted like wounded cats, issuing a counter-communiqué affirming that borders were borders.

The peace treaty clause is but one of several nettles. Brandt has abandoned the Hallstein doctrine, under which Bonn claimed the right to sole representation of German interests abroad, but he has not surrendered West Germany's claims to be legal inheritor of the Third Reich. He has shown no signs of readiness to denounce the 1938 Munich agreement, which paved the way for the take-over of the Sudetenland, citing genuine if relatively minor legal problems. Or is he concerned about the potential backlash from some 2 million Sudeten Germans now living in West Germany?

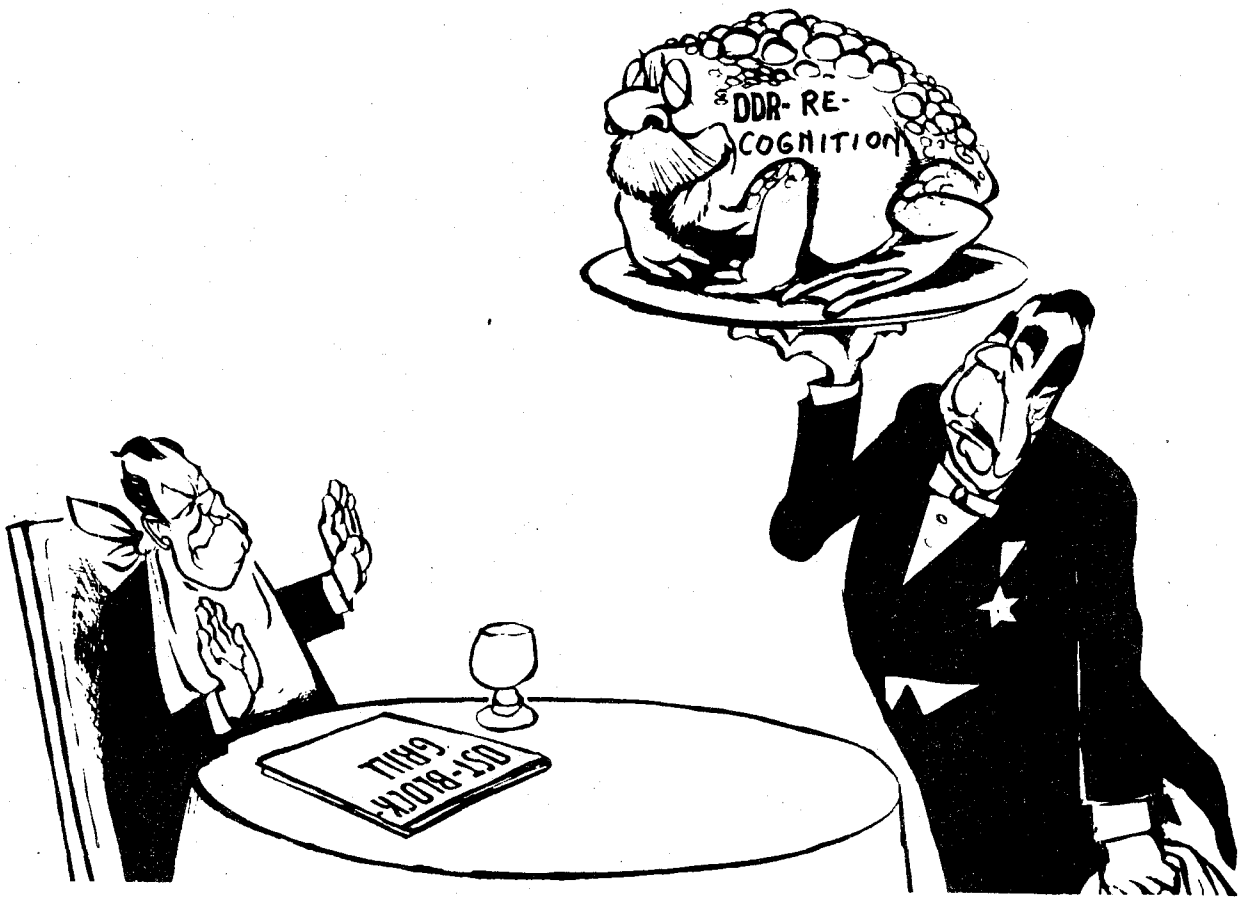
All Brandt has done is introduce a certain flexibility into the *Ostpolitik*. He is the first chancellor who has been ready to meet with his East German counterpart without setting up impossible preconditions first. He went even further, when the West Berlin issue threatened to sabotage the talks, by agreeing to switch the meeting to Erfurt.

The Kassel meeting will be decisive because it will show whether the two Willies can come down from the peak of confrontation and begin dealing with the resistant problems plaguing the two Germanys After Erfurt, Brandt thought he saw a willingness in Stoph to do this and did what he could to ease the descent. For example, he dismissed Stoph's obscene demand for 100 billion marks "reparations" by saying the suggestion was not seriously put forward. This brought cries of outraged indignation from East Berlin, where the propaganda organs stressed that it was indeed a very serious demand.

Unlike Brandt, Stoph has only limited political power —if, indeed, he has any. It is known that party ideologue Erich Honnecker, the probable successor as head of state to Walter Ulbricht, was opposed to the Erfurt meeting. It is thought that Ulbricht himself was reluctant, but was "persuaded" by Soviet Ambassador Pyotr Abrassimov, whose influence in East Germany is reinforced by his membership in the Soviet Central Committee.

For reasons known best to themselves, the Russians are eager to keep a dialogue going on their Western front, which means not only the SALT talks with the Americans but with Bonn. It may be that they are obsessed by the danger on the China front and want to stabilize their position in Europe, or it could simply be a testing of the Brandt regime to see if it can be pressed into political concessions at no cost to Moscow. Either way, the Soviet policy is coordinated with Poland, which wants to settle the Oder-Neisse border business and desperately needs West German industrial investments. The Czechs and the Hungarians are in a similar position.

Directly and indirectly, pressure has built up on East Germany to go along with this tentative *rapprochement* with Bonn. Ulbricht has done so, but he has set the high price of recognition. This is not to be understimated. The East German leaders (with a population of 17 million against 60 million West Germans) are psychopathic on the subject. They are prepared to risk some 500 million marks of trade with West Germany per year, most of



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which is marketable here only because of the price and tax subventions set up by Bonn to encourage inner-German commerce. They appear certain to lose their loophole into the Common Market which exists, thanks to the fiction demanded by Bonn on joining the Market, that Brussels recognize the principle of a unified Germany.

Recognition is an issue that can be gotten around if Brandt can ever get over his preoccupation with the peace treaty clause. He has accepted the principle of two Germanys, and the right of East Germany to its own diplomatic recognition abroad. He may even propose representation of both Germanys at the UN. The East Germans made a stickier demand when they called for an exchange of ambassadors between the two Germanys, but this too could be circumvented. The West Germans could call the plenipotentiaries "high commissioners," and East Germany could refer to them as ambassadors. This kind of verbal face saving has happened before in international diplomacy.

West Berlin need not be a problem. The current four-power talks will lead to a reaffirmation of the four-power status of the Western half of the city, but not of East Berlin. Freedom of access to West Berlin could be guaranteed by the Big Four and the two Germanys, and the Western troops will remain in West Berlin. The Soviets have indicated that they have no intention of surrendering their theoretical share of control in West Berlin affairs to the East Germans or anyone else.

None of this is likely to happen, however, until Brandt screws up his gumption and abandons the peace treaty reservation. It is the key to the *status quo*, which Moscow and the rest of the Eastern bloc demand as the price for any progress whatsoever. The question is, will Willy do it? □

LABOR SPEAKS

THE SUFFERING MAJORITY

B. J. WIDICK
Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States *(Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.*

In 1970 the "silent majority" is being replaced by a new group that is anything but silent—the suffering majority. The goad is inflation: its primary cause is the disastrous war in Indo-China; the organization of protest is the trade unions, and the form of protest is called strike, the wildcat strike, the runaway strike. With more of them to come.

Among the results are a major failure for the Nixon Administration's anti-inflation policy, the bankruptcy of his labor policy, irresistible pressures on the trade union hierarchies, and rebellion in the union ranks. While the political response to these events may not be entirely visible in the fall elections, it is evident that, for an off-election year, unusually heavy labor political activity will be forthcoming.

The federal government, the last of the big spenders, is going further into debt. The budget surplus promised in the campaign has been converted into a deficit for the next fiscal year, with one member of the Council of Economic Advisers already scoffing at the significance of a surplus (*The Wall Street Journal,* April 27). Lack of confidence in the Administration is reflected in the sickening plunge of the stock market at every new announcement. Only the bankers, amassing record profits through higher interest rates, have anything to cheer about. It is no longer just the poor and the black who suffer. Nowadays, who doesn't ache?

The failure of the President's labor policy was described succinctly by *Business Week* (April 11):

> Earlier, as it wrote out its economic "game plan," the Nixon Administration had hoped that the slowdown in the economy would generate counter-pressures against the inflationary settlements. Sinking profits, it was assumed, would stiffen management's back and force it to resist outsize settlements. At the same time, the threat of rising unemployment (implicit in the anti-inflation program, though never openly discussed) was supposed to temper union demands and make the leaders more cautious about strikes. Administration economists talked about a "bloody year" in labor relations, but they expected it to produce a significantly lower pattern of settlements.
>
> What the nation now faces is a bloody year that could well drive wages out of sight.

The strategic miscalculation arose from assuming that the current slowdown would function in a way similar to the forces that affected collective bargaining in the 1958 recession. But the differences are important. President Eisenhower was a popular national figure; labor respected his influence and feared his power. Mr. Nixon took office with the handicap that labor thought of him as anti-union (as well as anti-black and anti-youth). His prestige took a shellacking in the Haynsworth-Carswell debacles. No labor leader would dare go before any significant union membership to urge a policy of "wage restraint on behalf of the President's policies." He would be booed out of the hall. Under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, labor's leadership felt itself part of the Establishment; now it is as politically alienated as the black community or youth. Even the most conservative labor leader understands that the open shop and low wages are integral parts of the "Southern strategy."

The professed "free collective bargaining" posture of the Administration is nothing more than public relations, hoping to make a virtue of necessity. "Jawboning" about wage restraint would, as labor officials admit, be no more effective with labor than it has been in the private meetings with bankers and industrialists. Besides, the

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The collision course between the auto industry and the UAW continues, now without the benefit of Walter Reuther's talents and energies on the union side. After the shock and grief of his death are absorbed, the collective bargaining conflicts will be intensified. The new UAW president, whether Douglas Fraser, Leonard Woodcock, Pat Greathouse or Emil Mazey, will be under enormous pressure from the ranks to "deliver the goods" as the recent UAW convention felt Reuther did and would. The price of labor peace may go high; hence the dismay (as well as the genuine feelings of personal regret) among auto industry leaders.

Fittingly enough, Reuther's last public statement was a blast at President Nixon's action of invading Cambodia "without consultation or authorization by the Congress," and "however this dangerous military adventure turns out militarily, America has already suffered a moral defeat beyond measure among the people of the world." Reuther charged Nixon with alienating millions of young Americans and said that "the bitter fruits of this growing alienation and frustration among America's young have been harvested on the campus of Kent State University where the lives of four students, involved only in an emotional protest against the war, were ended by the needless and inexcusable use of military force."

In contrast, George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, gave unconditional support to the invasion. This difference of reaction sums up the sharp political antagonism which separated the two union leaders. As co-chairman of the Alliance for Labor Action, as a labor leader no longer stifled by the confines of the AFL-CIO hierarchy, and as a man deeply moved by the yearnings of the young and the old for a decent society without war, discrimination, poverty and alienation, Walter Reuther had at long last found the role he was ably and happily equipped to carry out. Now he is gone, like his good friend Rev. Martin Luther King. The loss is not a small one for the country. *B. J. Widick*

wildcat postal strike indicated that the Administration doesn't dare face up to the unions, whose membership now exceeds 18 million. Nixon was even forced to violate the oldest axiom in labor relations: "Nothing is worse than a wildcat strike—except a successful one." Even recognizing the limitations of the postal settlement, the fact is that the postal workers defeated President Nixon's plans to make them pay for inflation by postponing their raises. The spectacle of the President of the United States negotiating with the president of the AFL-CIO—that is what really happened in the postal crisis—was unprecedented in the history of collective bargaining. The result was not a crackdown in the name of law and order but a redress of some economic injustices and a spurt to unionism in the public sector. Even labor leaders were astonished to find how much public support existed for the underpaid, the forgotten American, once he used "student tactics" to make his point.

Even before the postal union victory, another crucial difference between bargaining in 1958 recession times and now became evident. It was the outcome of the long strike at General Electric. Boulwarism—the policy of "take-it-or-leave-it, and a strike won't change the offer"—was not only declared illegal by the Supreme Court but died during negotiations, when a coalition of unions forced GE to retreat to an offer representing a 25 per cent wage increase over three years. Overlooked in the debate about the demise of Boulwarism were two other new factors in the GE showdown. First, the antagonisms or at least differences among labor leaders were almost totally subordinated to a greater dislike: of GE and the Nixon policies. George Meany (president of the AFL-CIO; Walter Reuther, co-chairman of the Alliance for Labor Action; Paul Jennings of the International Union of Electrical Workers; and James Matles, spokesman for the United Electrical Workers, combined forces to "take on" GE.

Labor journalists looking for a rehash of the Meany-Reuther and/or Jennings-Matles disputes of the past failed to comment on the fantastic display of solidarity shown during this strike. Reuther gave IUE $800,000 and UE $200,000, his staff assisted the negotiating teams (with no objection from Meany), and by common agreement the negotiating talents of Matles were a real and welcome asset—no small accomplishment considering that his name was anathema in official union circles for many years.

And in addition to this new harmony, the strike convinced union leaders that the large segment of young workers at GE was no handicap. Unburdened by memories of past recessions, or old humiliations suffered by unions at the hands of GE labor experts, their mood was militant and pro-union. On this score, GE officials badly miscalculated. White, middle-class-oriented sociologists, psychologists and economists understand blue-collar workers no better than they do blacks or rebellious youth. The brains of GE had no idea how their employees really felt. Now they know.

The current teachers' strike in Los Angeles and Minneapolis, the Goodyear strike and the runaway strike of more than 100,000 truckers who think a 7 per cent settlement is too small, only confirms the judgment about the younger generation at GE. The year of mass discontent is here. In other times, a union leader would be personally upset and perhaps politically damaged if he negotiated a $1.10 package over a thirty-nine-month period for between 400,000 and 450,000 workers, only to have it rejected by the rank and file. Frank Fitzsimmons, the Teamsters union president, did negotiate a contract which would have looked good in ordinary times, but truckers have their own point of view, and they want still more compensation for the rising cost of living. They know from experience what the figures say: though average pay rose $24 a week for the average worker between 1965 and February 1970, the increase in living costs has completely washed out the gains. Only with overtime and by holding two jobs have family members kept their heads above water, and with the economic slowdown, overtime is disappearing. Instead of being sore or worrying about labor statesmanship, Fitzsimmons insists on new clauses to assure workers who do go back to work that they will get any gains the truck drivers still on strike may obtain. Even this won't satisfy all recalcitrants, notably the independent truckers locals in the Chicago area. What is new is that a union leader doesn't think in terms of "his contract" but of *the* contract.

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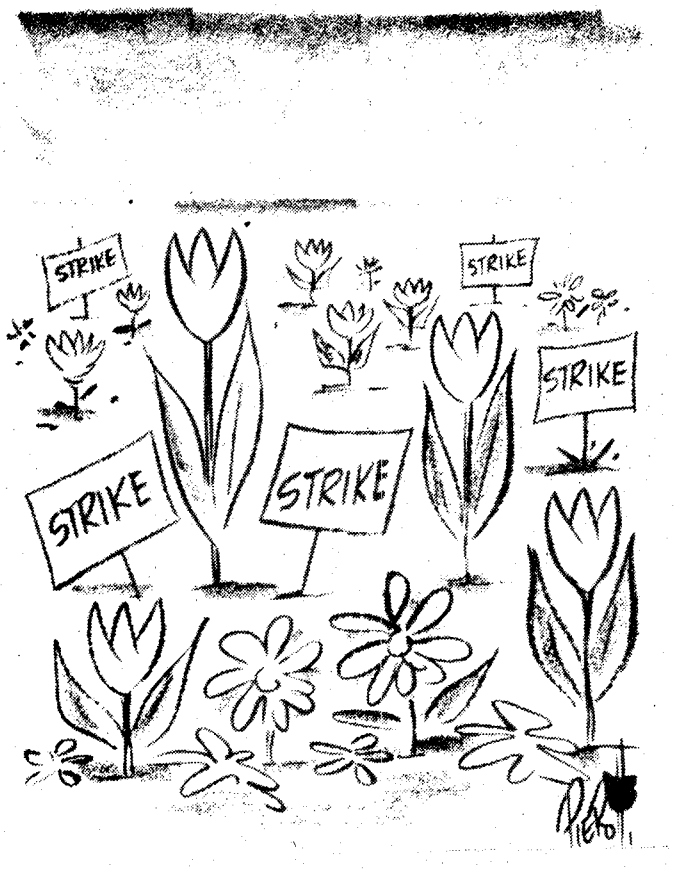
While some economists or government officials may fume over the "irresponsibility" of the Teamsters, it is quite unlikely that even as verbally reckless a man as Vice President Agnew will challenge the 2-million-member union in the tone and language which he thinks it safe to use against nebulous targets like "students" or the "liberal establishment." When the building trades in New York endorsed Republican Gov. Nelson Rockefeller for re-election one thing was made clear: the deal included no commitment by the unions to practice "wage restraint."

Unless there is a drastic change in the war or in the socio-economic climate, the struggles to date are only the first in labor's war against the heavy cost of inflation. The next major strike will pit the largest and most successful company in the world, General Motors, against



Spring Is Busting Out All Over

the second largest and very successful union, the UAW headed by Walter Reuther.* No matter what preliminary skirmishes take place in the industry next fall, the real decision maker is GM and it is the UAW's main target.

Chrysler's new and inexperienced president may blunder into a walkout through excessive cost cutting, and Henry Ford II may emulate GM's firm stand, but when the chips are down General Motors settles the package, and the UAW knows it. The 1.8 million membership was never in better shape to face the industry—nor as eager, if the recent convention was an indication. The ranks expect a fight, the leadership expects a fight, and the corporations keep telling Detroit journalists it is going to be tough. In part, this shadowboxing is the usual ritual in advance of collective bargaining, but the mood is different and the stakes are higher this year. The only question seems to be how long the strike will last.

If the old UAW cost-of-living escalator clause had not been "capped" in the last contract, almost every worker would have received close to $1,000 more, to match rising prices as reflected in the cost-of-living index. Both the Auto Workers and the union leaders expect that payment as a start to negotiations. Since the Big Three employ about 700,000 workers, that's money, even by GM standards.

The twenty-second convention of the UAW, just held in Atlantic City, with more than 3,000 elected delegates attending, misled many journalists. They judged the convention in terms of the raucous debate and floor fights of the past. This convention was quiet, reflecting the confidence of the ranks and the leadership that "the goods can be delivered" in the fall. A tiny opposition came up with an excellent slogan—"30 and out"—suggesting a $500 monthly pension for any Auto Worker with thirty years' seniority. Reuther adopted it quickly, even prior to the convention, and the delegates cheered when it became one of the priorities. But why should young delegates cheer a demand primarily affecting the old workers? Popular wisdom says that young workers are interested only in money for themselves, now. But perhaps the young workers have come to realize that if the old-timers leave, better jobs will open more quickly down the line.

Company profits are suffering; "the profit squeeze is on." Most Auto Workers have been on a forty-six-hour week for three years, and they are tired. This always adds an incentive for relief by way of strikes. A "poor year" in the auto plants now means primarily the elimination of overtime. The wage squeeze is what bothers the ranks, not the profit squeeze. Hence the militancy. More than 40 per cent of the Auto Workers have less than five years' seniority and are younger than 30. They are free of the "depression psychosis" that weakened the old-timers in the 1958 recession. (Though, even then, the auto companies found, when they didn't deduct dues because there was no contract, more than 95 per cent of the workers paid voluntarily to local unions and plant officials.) With many families earnings two incomes, and with their savings, the Auto Workers, like the GE strikers, can stand a strike far more easily than in the old days. A $103.5 million strike fund is ready. All signs point to a readiness in the ranks. What about the leadership?

Contrary to a report in *The Wall Street Journal* (April 20), Walter Reuther does not appear old, tired or bored. If he intends to make this fall's negotiations his last major bargaining (it is said he plans to retire in 1972) he is naturally eager to maintain a record of trail blazing, rather than leave the scene as a fading statesman. The UAW isn't fooling when it says that a 7 per cent package may be accepted as the beginning of bargaining, but the final package must be much bigger. No one could sell the ranks less, and Reuther doesn't appear to be concerned about the hard bargaining or strikes which lie ahead. When Frank Fitzsimmons, president of the Teamsters ap-

* Mr. Widick's article was in type before word was received of the airplane accident that took the lives of Mr. Reuther, his wife and the members of his party. *The Editors*

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peared at the UAW convention, as did Albert Fitzgerald, president of the UE, Reuther was shoring up his flanks.

Aside from dismissing the industry economists' arguments about a "wage-cost push" (the UAW makes a convincing case for a price-wage push, and the inflationary effects of the war), the UAW will add a new dimension to bargaining this year by raising the pollution issue with the industry. Boards of directors may shrug off student protests, but they'll have to take pollution very seriously when the UAW raises it at the bargaining table. Not long ago an Auto union conference had Ralph Nader as its main speaker; he was endorsed by Reuther and well received. One can imagine the chagrin of the Big Three if Reuther were to engage Nader as a consultant during negotiations.

On another front, the UAW feels in a far more comfortable position than do most unions. It now represents more than 200,000 black workers. A newly created post of vice president has upgraded Nelson "Jack" Edwards from regional director, and Marcellius Ivory was re-elected to West Side regional director. His only opposition was Robert Battles III, also a black labor leader. Many UAW locals now have black presidents, and the union is less tense about race than is most of labor. An indication of cohesion was the response to Mrs. Coretta King at the convention. She received a standing ovation before her speech, and she earned another genuine standing ovation when it was over. Her remarks reflect not only her own views but those of this segment of the union movement. Mrs. King said:

> It was your union and others of the CIO that pioneered to admit black people to your ranks. By standing for equal justice you not only opened doors to blacks but you defeated the employer's strategy to make black people a distinct group of strikebreakers. Thus you strengthen yourselves while you enlarge the democratic rights of others.
>
> We would be less than candid, however, if we refused to recognize that the coalition of blacks and the trade union movement faces tensions.
>
> Some trade unionists are hostile to the freedom movement and some blacks are spreading the illusion that a separatist road exists in the journey to emancipation. Even worse, some blacks, out of frustration and despair, play with notions of terrorism, and some whites are no less drawn to solutions of violence.
>
> It is not black workers or white workers who will profit if they fight each other. Only those will profit who wish to dominate all workers. Blacks are not looking for advancement at the expense of other working people. Industry and government have control of enough wealth to provide decent employment for every man, black and white. If we don't identify the right problems and isolate the right adversary we will all play the role of fools. Our trade unions torn by division can lose their independence, fighting strength and leadership.

Living in the past, many labor observers view with alarm both the high incidence of strikes and the rejection by the rank and file of one contract in every eight negotiated. How can strikes be curbed? How can labor peace be accomplished? Wrong questions at the wrong time bring wrong answers. Strikes as a form of organized and "controllable" social unrest, with direction and a sense of purpose, are a valuable alternative to the other kinds of unrest now epidemic in American society. In contrast to social anarchy and the violence it breeds, the current wave of strikes offers a healthy social catharsis. Strikes suggest the durability of our social system.

Finally, President Nixon's policies may accomplish something that all the reformers and politicians have never been able to effect. He may bring about a coalition of the young, the blacks and the workers, a coalition based not on a bureaucratic deal at the top, with old labor leaders telling people how to think and how to vote, but rather as a broad form of participatory democracy grouped around the organizations that represent the left of Center in American politics. The fall elections are the first test of this rising trend. The visible, suffering and determined majority carries more clout than a silent majority with whom only the Administration communicates. □

NOVEMBER ELECTIONS

NIXON'S RECORD IS THE ISSUE

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington

If it could win only an additional seven votes, the GOP could gain a tie in the Senate—and the Vice President could cast the deciding vote. Republican strategists claim it will be easy to achieve this control of the Senate, since fifteen of the twenty-five Democratic seats on this year's ballot are "vulnerable."

What they consider vulnerable is sometimes surprising. I went by the Senate Republican Campaign Committee's office and had them check off the seats in that category. One of the checks is by the name of Sen. Philip Hart of Michigan, which is odd, since the GOP's own polls reportedly show his opponent, Mrs. George Romney, running behind by 5 to 2, with so little chance to overtake the popular Hart that the campaign committee intends to put no more than token money behind her.

Still, who's to say that this Administration is incapable of pulling off even the most illogical victories? After a year and a half of unrivaled bungling, Nixon, the pollsters say, still has a majority of the people behind him. If these were logical times, one might safely conclude from the record that the only thing truly vulnerable around Washington as the Administration's own strategy—and especially when things look easy. In a Senate which has been known to pass an arms budget in ten minutes, the Administration won the ABM fight

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by only one vote and had to struggle for months to get even that majority. After Nixon's family cash-assistance program had moved with surprising ease through the House, it bogged down in the Senate—where it was not expected to receive much opposition—partly because of the inept presentation of the program by Nixon's protégé HEW Secretary Robert Finch. (His presentation of the program to the Finance Committee was, in fact, so inept that Sen. Fred Harris said it looked as though there must be something to the rumors about Nixon's *wanting* to kill the legislation.)

After the fight over Haynsworth had so exhausted the Senate that an administration of any adroitness should have been able to get its next candidate through easily —"we should have been able to win approval of the Grand Kleagle without protest," as a Senator from the Carolinas put it—Nixon goofed again. In dealing with the budget, he has been no more graceful. He tried to strong-arm the Senate with a veto, hoping to force a cutback of $1.2 billion in the health and education sector of the budget, and the Senate still made him take $600 million more than he wanted. He tried to starve mailmen into supporting his postal corporation plan, and they came back so militantly that he may have to give *everybody* in government a raise, thus blasting his "economy budget" to pieces—it now looks as though he may go $8 billion over. The Nixon crowd came into the White House talking about what they were going to do for the economy, and the country is having the first serious period of stagnation since 1957 (when, one might recall, the Democrats gained solid control of the Senate).

Under Nixon's influence, the stock market has done nothing so dramatic as crash; it has simply, on a day-to-day basis, crumbled into rubble. Prices have climbed more than 6 per cent since Nixon entered the White House—the sharpest increase in twenty years. The cost of home ownership went up more than 10 per cent. New housing is almost at a standstill, and Nixon's experimental "Operation Breakthrough," which is supposed to encourage new building techniques with a $15 million fund, is such a trifling effort to meet housing needs that *House & Home* recently put out a special issue to expose the sham of it. Unwilling to push ahead with progressive spending for civilian needs, Nixon is incapable of wriggling out of the old military-industrial boondoggle with any grace. In Seattle, home of Boeing, 45,000 aircraft workers reportedly will be unemployed by the end of the year. Layoffs at North American Rockwell Corp., in El Segundo, Calif., have been so severe that the company's long-established program to aid displaced workers is bankrupt. If Lockheed's $600 million blackmail fails, another 97,000 will be jobless.

Leaving aside Nixon's "noninvasion" expeditionary force into Cambodia, and leaving aside such things as record-high bank interest rates and nonaction on pollution, it is clear that Republicans who go forth to unseat the "vulnerable" Democrats must offer a package which, if one shakes it, tinkles inside with the sound of broken glass. In Illinois, the Republicans will have a hard time to defeat Adlai Stevenson 3rd; in California, it is quite possible that they will lose the seat of Sen. George Murphy; in Florida, where the seat being vacated by Spessard Holland once seemed certain to fall into the hands of the GOP, fighting among Republicans plus the entry of a powerful Democratic reactionary into the race (ex-Gov. Ferris Bryant) has changed everything; and it is hard to believe that Senator Proxmire could be in trouble in Wisconsin.

One of the costliest series of blunders has been made in the Administration's farm program; it threatens to weaken Republican influence in the very areas where they thought themselves most secure. Not much attention has been given by the press to what's happening on the farms, perhaps because the farmer no longer matters politically as much as he did thirty years ago, when the farm population was twice what it is today. But the circles of influence persist. When middle-size and small farmers are in trouble, so are the hardware dealers, the feed stores, the dry goods stores, and the Tasti-Freeze drive-ins of the small towns that still depend on farm customers.

Those in Washington who are constantly in touch with rural America say that the mood out there in the wheat and corn belt and in cattle country is nothing short of disastrous. Among the complaints are these:

Up to this year, when a farmer went in to sign an agreement with the government limiting his production, he was given 50 per cent of his payment on the spot. That was usually in March or April, and he used the money to pay his bills, and to buy fertilizer and seed for next season's crop. Then he got the rest of his money at the end of the year, when he could show that he had complied with the agreement.

Now the Administration has canceled the advance payments, and a lot of farmers who had been counting on them had to borrow from the bank at 9 per cent, if they could borrow that cheaply. They became so enraged that the Administration backed down a little, saying that it would pay *all* the money just as soon after July 1 as it could. This weaseling angered the farmers even more, for it was plain that the only reason the Administration had lopped off the advance payments was to shuffle the cost from one fiscal year into the next—at the smaller farmer's expense (the big farmers may not like it, but they can take this sort of thing without too much pain).

Last year the Administration reduced soybean support 25¢ a bushel. The alleged purpose was to stimulate more sales. In fact, there has been a big demand in the world market for soybean products—meal and oil—and the price for those ingredients went up, while the price for the bean itself in the United States has been going down. Market conditions have cut the price U.S. farmers get by 10¢ a bushel, while the processors are averaging 60¢ a bushel more profit. The Administration policy has transferred millions of dollars from the farmers to the processors. A couple of weeks ago, the USDA cut flax support by 25¢, and this will be felt deeply in states such as North Dakota.

Cattle ranchers have been suspicious of this Administration from the beginning. USDA Secretary Hardin came into office advocating a 50-million-acre land retirement scheme—that is, taking that much out of the produc-

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tion of subsidized crops. But he also wanted to permit about half of it to be put into grazing. Cattlemen screamed that this would mean a one-third expansion of cattle production and would bust the price of choice steers at Omaha from $30 to $19. Their opposition was strong enough to kill that idea (though Hardin still talks of retiring 6 million acres over the next three years, with some of it going into grazing), but not many cattlemen are so naive as to think they won because of a change of heart on the part of the Administration.

The anguish of the wheat farmers is no less keen. When they take a loan on wheat, they put the crop in storage. Then at the end of the year, if the market price is still low, they usually are allowed to keep it in storage for another year (the idea is to hold it off the market until the commercial price goes above the government support price, and then sell it). We've got wheat that has been in the warehouse for this reason since 1964. But this year the Administration called the loans on four years of stored wheat in North Dakota and Montana—a little more than 90 million bushels of it. They forced the wheat into the commercial market by telling the farmers, "You've got to settle up, or deliver the wheat." The price of wheat is low, and the farmers angrily responded with a demand that the wheat be left in storage until the price went up to a reasonable level, but the Administration replied: "No, the trade needs it."

The farmers aren't happy to be martyred for the "trade." Not only do they lose the price; a lot of them are also stuck with paying a crippling four-year accumulation of taxes (because when the government makes a loan on wheat it lets the farmer either report the loan as income or wait until the loan is settled and then report it). A lot of farmers over a four-year period said they would wait until the loan was settled. Now, against their wishes, they must settle.

Haynie, The Louisville Courier-Journal

Without going into the metaphysical intricacies of the Administration's original farm bill, which is worked out with the collusion of House farm committee chairman Robert Poage of Texas (at one point in the bill's development it proposed giving the Secretary of Agriculture power to set subsidies at zero), its character can be judged from the fact that twenty-two farm organizations met in St. Louis and determined to fight Poage and Secretary Hardin with political poleaxes when the bill reached the floor. Poage thereupon realized that in trying to please Dixiecrats and Republicans he had lost the normal farm vote. As one of his staff put it, "We pulled two guys into the buggy and four jumped out on the other side." He backtracked, but not enough to please the twenty-two-organization coalition, and at this writing the farm bill is in serious trouble.

All this agriculture heat will, of course, have at least some influence in protecting the seats of such Democratic Senators as Quentin Burdick of North Dakota, Gale McGee of Wyoming, Joseph Montoya of New Mexico and Vance Hartke of Indiana. It will have some effect on Hubert Humphrey's chance to move into Eugene McCarthy's seat in Minnesota.

However, it would be as silly to say that those politicians are shoo-ins as it is for the Republicans to pretend that they are shoo-outs. Burdick will have a stiff fight in North Dakota. For one thing, the Democrats have been plagued with a financial scandal. For another, even some of his friends think Burdick is lazy. His opponent, Rep. Tom Kleppe, personally chosen by Nixon to make the race, is already promising a big show—complete with that press-made vaudeville star, Spiro—and he is passing the word that he will not lack funds. But that is standard procedure: incumbents tend to play themselves up as needy underdogs, which is supposed to squeeze donations out of those who have a vested interest in them; challengers tend to emphasize the tremendous outpouring of support (which perhaps only they can see) as a way to warn everybody with money that they had better get on the bandwagon.

Texas Republicans have a very strong candidate in Rep. George Bush, the young millionaire from Houston. One way to measure his strength is to remember his 1964 campaign against Ralph Yarborough. He had not had any exposure in Congress at that time and it was hardly the right year for an unknown Republican to be bucking the Democratic ticket in Lyndon Johnson's home state, yet Bush pulled more than 40 per cent of the vote. But the defeat of Yarborough a few weeks ago in the Democratic primary may not have been what Bush needed this year. Yarborough, a liberal by Southern standards, was defeated by the Lyndon Johnson-John Connally conservative Democratic machine, which spent at a minimum $2 million to give Lloyd Bentsen (oilman, banker,

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insurance mogul) the nomination. If they were willing to spend that much on a primary, it means they are willing virtually to buy the general election, whatever the cost, in order to keep lines into Washington open for the LBJ crowd. If the GOP loses out with Bush, it can blame some of its followers for being too smart for the party's good. Thousands of Republicans crossed over to vote for Bentsen because they hated Yarborough so much; this switch-over may have made the difference. But in getting rid of the liberal, they got rid of their easy mark.

A special target for the Republicans is Albert Gore of Tennessee; they publicly declared war on him when he voted against the confirmation of Carswell. Gore is worried about his opponent, Rep. William Brock, but not nearly so worried as he was a couple of months ago. At that time he is said to have told Democratic pals in the Senate that he would need to get two out of every three of the votes that had gone for Wallace in 1968, and he was saying it in tones that indicated he wasn't at all sure that was possible (Nixon got 38 per cent of the vote in Tennessee, Wallace got 34 per cent, and Humphrey took only 28 per cent). But splinter blocs don't shift in a lump from election to election; they break up and regroup. And their regrouping will be greatly influenced between now and November by economic conditions, since some counties in the state (admittedly, they are some of the less populated counties) are suffering with unemployment rates of around 11 or 12 per cent.

New Mexico Republicans thought they had in Gov. David F. Cargo just the man to unseat Sen. Joseph M. Montoya, but things look much darker for them now. Cargo is young, articulate, a "Rockefeller liberal" type, but he has made many enemies among the conservatives in his party. He is said to be underfinanced and faces a tough opponent in the GOP primary: Anderson Carter, an extremely wealthy conservative oilman who almost unseated Sen. Clinton P. Anderson in 1968. A recent poll showed Cargo taking 46 per cent of the GOP vote, but Carter closing the gap at 40 per cent. Whatever happens, the party is being wounded by this fight.

New Mexico, which went heavily for Nixon, is still running a conservative tide, but things seem to be changing fast, largely because of hard times. There have been major cutbacks in all the federal facilities in the state. Most military bases have either been cut or closed, half the Corps of Engineers has been moved out of Albuquerque, the NASA installation at White Sands was cut, and there was a 5 per cent cut at all the AEC facilities.

As for incumbent Montoya, he has been keeping his fences expertly patched. The Democratic Party is adequately financed, it is united, his primary opposition is negligible, and for his state he's got a good voting record. Furthermore, he has been campaigning hard for a year, shaking a lot of hands in a state where a personal campaign is effective.

Gale McGee is in trouble, as any Democrat is in trouble in Wyoming if matters are judged strictly on a party head count—the state has too many Republicans. Humphrey got only 35 per cent of the vote, but six years ago McGee handily beat the man who is likely to be his opponent again this time, Rep. John Wold. Wyoming is a hawkish state, and McGee is a hawk. He is also expert at doing chores for his constitutents; for example, when a refinery closed in Casper, he helped get it open again.

New Jersey provides one final example of how things are beginning to look up for the Democrats. Several months ago, the future of Harrison Williams looked bleak, but now, say the Democrats, sunshine is breaking through. The party was in disarray, but now it is beginning to pull itself together. Williams has got some good press coverage for his work on the mass transit bill and for his part in the Yablonski-United Mine Workers murder investigation. Labor support is said to be unusually solid; in the past, New Jersey's labor organization has not been notably effective in political fights, so this time national labor has moved in to guide things. All of the internationals are involved. To help the Democrats along, the Republicans are beginning to quarrel and split. Williams' probable opponent, former state GOP chairman Nelson Gross, was rumored to be under investigation for helping a Mafia-allied labor union. Attorney General Mitchell's office said it wasn't so, but the U.S. attorney in New Jersey, Frederick B. Lacey, said it was. Then he said Washington had told him to keep quiet. Apparently Mitchell had neglected to tell him to shut up about being told to shut up. From the Democrats' viewpoint, it made excellent headlines for a few days. Gross may also get some trouble from Joseph Job, the Bergen County sheriff who says he is going to run in the fall as an independent; if he makes good on that threat he may cut into Gross's potential seriously, for Job is one of the leading vote getters in his county, a bastion of Republicanism.

David Broder, *The Washington Post* writer who has excellent lines into the Republican Party, pointed out recently that if history were constant, the twelve-year cycle that gave the Republicans a thirteen-seat lock on the Senate in 1946 and then reversed everything with the class of 1958 (Dodd, Hart, Hartke, Eugene McCarthy, McGee, Moss, Proxmire, Harrison Williams, Yarborough and Young), should this year put the Republicans again in control. But he concludes:

> Even Republicans concede that conditions will have to change substantially between now and next November for the President to make good his challenge to the Democratic Senate. At the moment, Mr. Nixon's personal standing with the voters is on the decline, while Vietnam casualties, unemployment and prices are on the rise. . . . As of today, the betting is that the third in the series of significant Senate elections will provide the third consecutive rebuff to the incumbent President.

Broder's cool appraisal does not really tell the significant story, however, which is that Democrats are getting into the kind of fiery, tail-twisting mood that wins the close races. One of the brighter young aides to a Senator up for re-election expressed that happy belligerency the other day: "There is a farm rebellion brewing. The middle-class investor has lost his shirt. We are having a stock market crash, only it isn't happening in one,

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two, three, four, five days; it's happening in one, two, three, four, five months. The middle-class businessman is starting to get very, very frightened. Even the people in the WASP belt in the East, the people who subscribe to the great 19th-century Protestant business ethic of self-sufficiency, who want to screw the 'welfare chiseler,' who want to beat protesters over the head—these people are sitting there and they are beginning to get uneasy. They are starting to go out of business. Banks are beginning to call in the loans now. They aren't quite so eager to bitch and yell about 'self-sufficiency' and let the welfare bastard starve. So of course us advocates of 'socialism' are naturally going around cluck-clucking vehemently and saying, 'Isn't that a shame, but it didn't happen under the Democrats, did it?' "

And that, though not as subtle as some candidates will be, is a good summation of the Democratic stump routine we shall be hearing in the months ahead. Given the alternatives, it is a routine with some appeal. After all, if the Republicans should win the Senate and, say, Margaret Chase Smith decided to use her seniority to chair the Aeronautical and Space Committee rather than the Armed Services Committee, the latter would then be headed by Strom Thurmond, who would undoubtedly make the present chairman, John Stennis, seem almost enlightened. And, mushy as John Sparkman is to the banking establishment, he is a veritable Populist compared to Wallace Bennett of Utah, the Republican who waits in the wings to run the Banking Committee. More probably, Bennett would use his seniority to head the Finance Committee (where the at present ranking Republican, John Williams of Delaware, is retiring), and though it may now seem hard to imagine, in that unlucky day we should doubtless look back to the present chairman, Russell Long, as being by comparison an honest opponent of the special interests. Instead of Henry Jackson chairing the Interior Committee, there would be, heaven forbid, Gordon Allott.

Unfortunately, one must lash one's mind with such eventualities in order to become an enthusiastic devotee of the Democratic Party line this year. For the truth is that the Democrats *as a party* offer little but ridicule of this Administration to set themselves apart from the Republicans. Every bungle that the Republicans have achieved in the last year and a half had already been bungled by the Democrats under Johnson—except for the rise in unemployment which Johnson had avoided solely by escalating the war. The Democratic candidates who win this election will do so not by exciting partisan enthusiasm, which is virtually extinct, but by overcoming public skepticism, which is endemic. □

THE Ph.D. GLUT

HARD TIMES ON CAMPUS

ALAN WOLFE
Mr. Wolfe edited with Marvin Surkin the forthcoming End of Political Science (*Basic Books*). *He teaches at Old Westbury College, State University of New York.*

Exactly how the American economy works has customarily been something that faculty members in other departments allowed the economists to wonder about. The academic year 1969-70 changed that. People in fields like English, history and physics discovered something basic about economics—they found out that there were more people looking for teaching jobs than there were jobs available. This labor surplus in academia—if not the first in history, certainly the first in almost anyone's memory—is certain to have very broad consequences.

The situation has been developing for some time. One aspect of the problem is that doctoral output has been increasing more rapidly than faculty positions. Between 1940 and 1964 the number of faculty positions rose enormously—from 146,929 to 494,514, an increase of 337 per cent. But in the same period, the number of doctoral graduates increased 441 per cent, from 3,290 a year to 14,490. Roughly four new Ph.D.s were granted for every three new positions available.

A closer look at doctoral output by field in recent years indicates that the surplus did not really become explosive until just recently. In most fields, the number of doctorates remained roughly the same from about 1955 to 1960. Since then, the number has doubled, and in some cases, more than doubled (see chart p. 624).

While the figures after 1967 are not yet published, preliminary reports indicate that in the past few years the rate of increase has continued to rise.

If this increase had occurred at a time when other segments of the university economy remained normal, its effect would have been severe, but not overwhelming. After all, one could have argued, it never hurts a society to have a few too many educated people. But two other developments have combined with the increase in doctorates to produce a situation much more serious than most forecasters expected. These are the slowing down of the undergraduate boom and university budget cutting as part of a national economy drive.

Not long ago, it seemed that college enrollment would accelerate indefinitely, each year at a higher rate. Between 1946 and 1952, the number of students enrolled in American institutions of higher education remained fairly steady, increasing from 2,078,095 to 2,134,242. Then the rush began. Enrollments passed 3 million by 1957, 4 million by 1961, and 5 million by 1965. In the last few years, they have been going up by about half a million a year. A national drive was therefore undertaken to educate teachers who could teach all these students,

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Field	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967
English	350	333	382	397	400	486	516	556	689	714	848
History	314	297	324	342	371	343	378	507	576	599	655
Sociology	134	150	157	161	184	173	208	198	230	244	327
Psychology	550	572	635	641	703	781	844	939	847	1046	1231
Home Econ.	46	23	26	40	36	41	45	41	58	54	66
Accounting	14	17	18	15	15	27	23	21	32	34	43

but now there are signs that the student boom may have reached its peak. New projections by the U.S. Office of Education show that, while enrollments doubled in the ten-year period from 1957 to 1966, they will increase by only 50 per cent in the next ten years. As a reflection of the slackening pace, construction of new colleges is slowing down.

At the same time that enrollment increases taper off, "economy" has become the economic catchword. Higher education is a major victim, not only because some state officials find it easy to scare constituents with nightmares of student disruption but also because education expenditures do not result in immediately visible benefits. Some schools have instituted a policy of hiring no additional people; they recruit only to fill vacancies. Thus as the number of people coming out of graduate school increases, the number of positions into which they can step remains constant, or at best rises at a much slower rate. The human meaning of this cross-pressure is illustrated by some events that took place in the last six months of 1969:

626 people applied for jobs in the English Department of Penn State.

The contracts of eight sociologists at City College of New York were not renewed. The department had a total of twenty-seven.

At the American Historical Association meetings in December, 2,000 people were reported to be competing for 200 jobs.

At the Modern Language Association meetings, less than half of the departments that recruited in 1968 were looking for staff in 1969.

A job-seekers' caucus, created at the MLA, asked for unemployment compensation for those unable to get positions.

Brooklyn College's History Department let go seven junior members.

Early in the decade, a young person who entered graduate school was convinced that he would have a pick of jobs when he had earned his doctorate. He could not know that so many people had the same idea that the odds were about to turn against him. The shift is symbolized by changes in Selective Service regulations, the draft being the clearest indication, by its own confession, of what types of manpower are to be channeled where. In the early 1960s, graduate school was an attractive alternative to the Army, and the government agreed that an academic career was sufficiently in the national interest to warrant deferment. As the surplus developed, the regulations changed, and graduate study no longer earned deferment.

The problem is made worse because there is very little elasticity in the academic system, and what exists is threatened by the drive for economy. It is impossible, for example, for university employers to decrease wages, for the bulk of them are set by state regulations, and private universities generally must meet those standards. The wage scale slowly increases, preventing any department that operates on a more or less fixed budget from making new appointments in significant numbers. In fact, the reverse situation obtains. Most universities are now recalling senior professors from their leaves, so that all the courses can be taught. Since new labor cannot be purchased, old labor, which had been taking it easy, must speed up. It would be an understatement to say that there is resistance to this recall.

At the same time that wages steadily increase, the tenure system produces peculiarities in the distribution of faculty appointments within a department. Tenure, originally designed to protect the academic freedom of senior professors, now merely protects their job security. It guarantees that the least productive (in the sense of teaching load) members of a department will continue to be paid at higher wages than the more productive members. Meanwhile, the security of the more productive junior faculty becomes more shaky. One way that a department can gain some flexibility is by manipulating the junior faculty positions. Given the surplus, it is fairly easy to limit all junior appointments to three- or six-year terms. Then, instead of being promoted to associate professor status and salary, they are let go and a whole new group of junior faculty is brought in at the minimum rates. In large departments, such action might even release enough money to hire one extra junior faculty member. Many junior faculty now find themselves with less job security than their students, who are fairly sure to be around for four years. Actions like this also mean that the surplus affects junior faculty much more than it does any other group, with consequences that are potentially explosive.

Besides rotating junior faculty, the other ways a department can cut costs without tampering with the inefficient low teaching load of the senior professors is by exploiting part-time faculty and eliminating introductory courses. If a full-time, renowned professor is paid $25,000 for a six-hour teaching load, a part-time person can easily be obtained for a salary of $600 to $1,000 per three-unit course. Faced with a choice of $1,000 per course or $12,500 per course, the department sees an obvious way to make considerable savings. The part-time people—generally those with advanced degrees or close to getting them, but who have not found full-time work—are grateful for crumbs.

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The large introductory courses were generally taught by teaching assistants, also grateful to receive derisory wages. Eliminating such courses means that the teaching assistants who remain (many of them have been active in campus political activities, and that is another reason for reducing their number) are freed to teach higher level courses, thereby retaining for senior faculty their six-hour, two-graduate course teaching load. It will probably be a long time before the labor surplus changes that inequitable distribution, although it disrupts the entire system.

The forecasts of the appetite that new colleges would display for graduate students have proved sadly exaggerated. California leads the country in the building of new state colleges. Since 1960, seven of them have either opened or expanded enormously: Dominquez Hills, Fullerton, Hayward, San Bernardino, Sonoma, Stanislaus and Bakersfield (still unopened). Job-hunting graduate students are always told to check the California system; they find out how few posts there are. The seven new colleges had together an enrollment in the fall of 1969 of 28,273 (Michigan State alone has a student body of 45,950); it is not enough to absorb the excess doctorates of even one year, let alone year after year. A well-financed state university liberal arts college will usually employ one full-time English teacher for every 200 students. This means that the total enrollment of the six new colleges could hire 141 teachers of English. Since 900 to 1,000 doctorates in English will be produced in 1969-70, California will not be able to help much. And all the other state college systems are expanding at rates slower than California's. The State University of New York system plans only three new state colleges: one is open with 200 students; another will focus on the arts and therefore be small and specialized; and a third, planned for the Utica area, will cover only the third and fourth year, thereby having a proportionately smaller faculty (fewer introductory courses).

Much new college construction is at the community college and junior college level, and these institutions are the ones that might be expected to benefit most from the faculty surplus. But that is not quite true, for two reasons. One is that many community and junior colleges have small offerings in the liberal arts and physical sciences where the surplus is worst. Their needs are in applied areas, like home economics and accounting, where although doctorates have also increased since 1960 (see chart), there is still a shortage. Second, even though community colleges will be able to hire better qualified people in English and history, people trained in those fields were taught to concentrate on research, not teaching, and that community colleges are poor places to work. So, though community colleges may be able to hire them, they will try to get out as fast as possible.

There are also distributive problems with respect to the creation of new programs within existing universities. The demands for open admissions, colleges of urban studies, ethnic studies institutes and experimental colleges will add very little new faculty, and those that are hired will be in specialized areas relevant to those demands. Right now there is a shortage of nonwhite faculty. This may mean that a number of nonwhite students will go to graduate school in the hope of obtaining a faculty appointment when they leave ("Being black, you can name your own price"). This implies that the surplus will reach that area a little later (all deliberate speed, so to speak). Meanwhile, the scarcity of black teachers does little to alleviate the surplus in other areas. If anything, it adds to it, for more universities, when faced with the choice of hiring someone in Afro-American history or in intellectual history, will now decide on the former.

One final rigidity in the academic market place that doesn't show up in the hypothetical supply-and-demand market place of classical economics is the inability of the job seekers to move elsewhere in the economic system when the universities are closed to them. After World War II, large numbers of lower-middle-class upwardly mobile children went into academia rather than into their fathers' shops and stores. Thoroughly alienated from their parents' world, they have no place to go if not into teaching. High school teaching might be an alternative, but the surplus is heavy there also. The system has been cruel to the young scholars, holding out an empty promise. They will probably have no choice but to dawdle on their theses, in the hope that there will be a break in the cycle. They will be, to use Marx's term, the first reserve army of the unemployed with Ph.D.s. More important, they will also be a modified form of "scab" labor. Let there be unrest at a university, and department chairmen will know where to find replacements for the troublemakers.

What makes a labor surplus in any economic area interesting is not that fewer people work but that the nature of institutions changes. For example, a labor

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surplus among middle-class housewives who wanted to work but who were untrained was closely related to the rise of discount department stores. Such stores could hire at very low rates of pay, thereby cutting prices in competition with the older department stores. The surplus changed the institution of department-store shopping.

Similar consequences seem to exist for the university. The great shame of the faculty surplus and the economy moves is not only that trained people will be unable to put their skills to work but that those who do find jobs will be extra careful to keep them. It would be foolish to expect university employers not to take advantage of the labor surplus to promote the values that academic departments hold dear. A study of confidential letters of recommendations in sociology showed that the major virtue the writers emphasized was the ability of the prospective staff member to be harmonious and nondisruptive. We can therefore expect that the labor surplus will encourage departments to promote internal harmony by keeping potential troublemakers out and making sure that potential troublemakers within the department remain quiet.

The two groups most likely to be seen as not belonging in academia are women and radicals, and caucuses within professional associations representing both groups have already noted the effects of the surplus. It is not that women are biologically more likely than men to cause trouble. It is that the men who do the hiring think of women as supportive creatures, not faculty colleagues. Speaking at a University of California Medical Center symposium a few years ago, Prof. David Krech, a famous psychologist, flatly asserted that "Women shouldn't have seats in postgraduate schools," and his opinion cannot be dismissed as the rantings of just one uptight male. A study asked respondents (all male) to rank essays for their suitability for publication in a journal. When a woman's name was placed as author of a paper, more responses like "unscholarly" or "emotional" came in than when a man's name appeared on the same paper. The respondents presumably agree with Bruno Bettelheim: "We must start with the realization that, as much as women want to be good scientists or engineers, they want first and foremost to be womanly companions of men and to be mothers."

Such perceptions of women must be widespread among men who hire for departments or who admit to graduate schools. How else explain that the percentage of women on faculties of American universities was lower in 1960 than it was in 1949, 1930 and even 1920? Such discrimination has always existed, but the surplus will intensify it. Women in 1952 received 31.4 per cent of all masters degrees and 9.3 per cent of all doctorates. By 1959, they had risen to 32 per cent and 10 per cent; in 1966, the figures were 34 per cent and 12 per cent. That trend means that the surplus will be even worse for women than for men.

Radicals face much the same problem. Again there is no proof of a correlation between radical politics and departmental disruption. With women, however, the surplus has the effect of reversing a slight trend in their favor; with radicals, it will intensify what was already a major repressive campaign.

It is impossible to document the number of radicals who have been fired from academic departments in recent years. Not only is information on political views a private matter (sometimes) but few departments will admit that an individual has been fired for his politics. Various forms of "conduct unbecoming a professor," like "turning on" with students, dressing casually, studying trustee backgrounds or using experimental classroom techniques, are more easily substituted. Nonetheless, conversations with many who are involved indicate that subtle forms of "black listing" are more prevalent than ever. Confidential letters of recommendation, combined with a general move against activists as a national trend, guarantee that the reputation of someone defined as a "radical" will follow him all the days of his life.

The surplus, however, will render black lists irrelevant. During a labor shortage, employers need some place to turn for ready information on the undesirable. Now they will simply pick the "safest" candidates from the enormous numbers available. The surplus will also mean that all faculty and prospective faculty will feel enormous pressure to appear "safe." The conformity, not only political but also in terms of teaching methods and general behavior that will stem from the surplus, could have an appallingly stagnating effect on higher education in America. Because of the surplus, in short, the universities in the near future will not provide much alternative to the quality of life to be found elsewhere in the society.

The only positive benefits of the surplus will be felt outside the United States. The much talked about "brain drain," in which American universities skimmed off the best minds from all over the world, or at least the non-Communist world, for use in American science, should be stemmed. The best result would be that many non-American students would take their skills and knowledge home, but that will not happen automatically. This country may continue to exploit non-American academics (and their countries) because it is cheaper to do so. That, of course, would make the situation still worse for American graduates, but in this area there is at least a chance that something relatively good will come from the surplus.

How accurate these predictions turn out to be depends, really, on whether the surplus is temporary or permanent, and that prediction is the most difficult. Yet it seems clear that the faculty surplus is not an event isolated from the rest of American society. For example, both the surplus and the national economy drive must be seen as parts of a current crisis in the American

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economy. Two aspects of that crisis which affect the universities are the anarchic way in which economic decisions are made in the United States and the influence of automation and its resulting unemployment.

A totally unplanned economy has always been something that smart capitalists knew they should avoid, but in this respect universities have never been smart. Decisions in academic life are still made by small units without coordination or long-range planning. Each unit operates according to its own immediate interest, and the entire system pays for the consequences. It is extraordinary that a surplus should occur in the labor market at the very moment when the employers begin an economy drive, yet it follows from the way universities do business.

Anarchy is not all. The automating American economy has begun to develop a vested interest in keeping people off the labor market as long as possible. Like the invention of adolescence, graduate schools contribute to that delay. An increasing number of people have not sought full-time work until they were into their late twenties. Now it seems that they may not find full-time work until much later.

This is a potentially incendiary situation. Because of the chaos created by lack of administrative planning, junior faculty and people just out of graduate school are once again paying for the follies of their elders. And they know it. Already a number of overeducated people without jobs are working full time for revolution in this country. Some are even sent to jail, which is one way of keeping them off the labor force. The numbers of such people will increase. Is that a positive or a negative development? I think it positive, but the point on which we can all agree is that the faculty surplus and the economy drive may change, not only the American university but also the entire society. □

LETTERS (*Continued from page 610*)

1969. It was directed to the Supreme Court decision in the Tucson case. As I stated and as Mr. Oakes does not deny, it made no mention of any legislation. The sentence about "exemption from the laws prohibiting monopoly"—which did not unequivocally oppose such an exemption—might well have referred to the Court decision, as did the rest of the editorial. . . .

Mr. Oakes relies on testimony given in July 1967, at hearings on predecessor legislation, by the general counsel for the *Times*, Louis M. Loeb. (Mr. Loeb testified in a personal vein; he explained that "this statement largely represents my professional views based on my experience over the years with newspaper publishing.") This seems an odd way to make known a newspaper's editorial position on legislation proceeding through Congress in 1969.

If the *Times*'s position last year was that expressed by Mr. Loeb in 1967, one can only wonder why the *Times* did not say so editorially before Jan. 31. From mid-March 1969, when the campaign to pass the bill began, through Jan. 30, 1970, when it succeeded in the Senate—a period spanning complete hearings in both Houses, two committee votes in the Senate, and an egregious change of position by the Nixon Administration—the *Times* printed no editorial and no editorial word on the subject. It thus acquiesced in the passage of legislation which it professedly considered—in the words of Mr. Loeb—"against the public interest and in the long run against the interest of the press."

When the *Times* finally spoke on Jan. 31, the editorial began by noting the Senate passage of the bill the day before. Was this not curious? It is not the *Times*'s usual practice, nor a very sensible one, to withhold its editorial position on pending legislation until after the legislators have voted.

Mr. Oakes calls it "unfair" and "untrue" to say that the *Times* has an interest in the bill's passage. Looking to the corporate ownership, I am afraid it is neither. The Ochs Trust, which controls the *Times*, also controls the Chattanooga *Times*. The latter paper operated until 1966 under one of the joint-operating arrangements that the bill would legalize. In 1967 the competing Chattanooga publisher testified: "I think they have no other purpose than either to force me back into this arrangement or to destroy me." In February of this year the Justice Department charged the Chattanooga *Times* with operating at a loss—claimed to total some $7 million over recent years—in order to eliminate the competitor. And the *Times*, in a consent decree, agreed to stop publication of an afternoon paper it had begun in 1966 when the joint arrangement was terminated.

Against that background, reports that the owners of the *Times* would like to re-establish the joint-operating agreement in Chattanooga, and would therefore like the "Newspaper Preservation Bill" to pass, do not seem chimerical. . . .

Stephen R. Barnett

Lawyers Guild

DEAR SIRS: For more than thirty years the National Lawyers Guild has, without fanfare, worked for and with all groups that are striving for a society in the United States that more adequately meets the needs of its people. Members of the guild have provided legal defense for nearly all critical political trials during that thirty-year period. The most recent include Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Reies Tijerina, Benjamin Spock, the Oakland 7 and Chicago 8 (now 10). The NLG and its members developed materials on techniques of trying political cases, military and draft cases, tenant/union problems and many other movement-oriented legal-political issues. . . .

With the people intensifying their struggles and with repression increasing at an alarming rate, the need for a strong National Lawyers Guild is critical. The 1970 Guild convention recently approved a program which includes the following: a national Legal Defense Committee which will provide the best means for a coordinated legal response to governmental attack upon movements for social change; the establishment of new Guild chapters and the creation of permanent Guild regional offices across the country, where . . . the Guild can organize and train lawyers and law students to meet the ever increasing demands for political-legal skills.

The National Lawyers Guild urgently needs funds to carry out this program. Guild lawyers give heavily of their time, skills and money. Our own resources are inadequate to the magnitude of the task involved. You must help. Send contributions large or small to: National Lawyers Guild, 1 Hudson St., New York, N. Y. 10013.

Charles R. Garry, member
National Lawyers Guild

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

So Proudly We Jail

THE UNLAWFUL CONCERT: An Account of the Presidio Mutiny Case. *By Fred Gardner. The Viking Press. 239 pp. $5.95.*

EDWARD F. SHERMAN
Mr. Sherman, assistant professor of law at Indiana University School of Law, has served as defense counsel in several dissenter court-martial cases and has written extensively on military justice.

On October 14, 1968, twenty-seven young soldiers left the morning roll-call formation at the stockade at Presidio, Calif., sat down in a circle, and read a list of grievances concerning stockade conditions and the fatal shooting of a prisoner by a guard three days before. They were all charged with mutiny. Four months later, the first three court-martialed were sentenced to fifteen, fourteen and sixteen years at hard labor.

There was an immediate public reaction to the severity of the sentences. Some 5,000 letters of protest were received by the Secretary of the Army within weeks of the sentencing. Congressmen, some of them generally sympathetic to the military establishment, expressed concern over the court-martial proceedings and called for investigation of stockade conditions. A statement signed by a number of prominent law school professors observed that "serious questions have been raised by these courts-martial concerning the administration of criminal law in our armed forces and the capacity of the present military justice system to insure basic due process rights to members of the military."

A month after the courts-martial, the Army retreated. The Judge Advocate General, in an unprecedented action, cut down the sentences to two years even before the military appeals had begun. The remaining "Presidio mutineers" were transferred to another post for court-martial, and although they too were convicted, their sentences were generally light, ranging from three to fifteen months. "Exposés" of stockade conditions in several national magazines resulted in a flurry of new military directives aimed at curbing confinement abuses.

Although these results were not earth-shaking, they demonstrated that public support and political pressures could be rallied against military justice abuses. Subsequent developments, including the issuance of more liberal guidelines on dissent and the decision of the Army in May 1969 to drop court-martial charges against eight GIs at Fort Jackson who had been engaged in anti-war organizing, may be attributable in part to the lesson learned by the Army in the Presidio mutiny cases.

Fred Gardner, who was instrumental in organizing the GI coffeehouse movement several years ago and recently collaborated on the screen play for Antonioni's movie, *Zabriskie Point*, has written a fascinating and perceptive account of the Presidio mutiny cases based on testimony from the trials and interviews with the defendants, attorneys and other interested parties. His account of what happened at Presidio—how and why the demonstration at the stockade came about, the reaction of the Army commanders, and the conduct of the courts-martial—results in a stinging indictment of the military, the way it trains and disciplines its men, and the manner in which it dispenses justice.

Gardner's narrative skillfully sets the scene for the mutiny. In the summer and fall of 1968, "with AWOL's pouring into the Bay Area and more and more men refusing to ship from Oakland to Vietnam," the Presidio stockade began filling up. By October 14, the day of the mutiny, there were 140 prisoners in a stockade built before World War I to house seventy-five men. Most of the prisoners were young. Only a few had any clearly defined anti-war or political views, but virtually all hated the military and desperately hoped for a discharge. Most would not get discharges and, after being court-martialed and serving their sentence (usually six months for AWOL), they could expect to be reassigned to another unit, perhaps only to go AWOL once again.

The officers in command only contributed to the explosive situation. The Commanding General of the Sixth Army at Presidio was Stanley R. (Swede) Larsen, just back from Vietnam (where his advocacy of "hot pursuit" of enemy troops into Cambodia had drawn a public rebuff from Secretary of State Rusk), a tough, rigid West Pointer, who prided himself on his tight discipline and wanted to show other commanders how to handle demonstrations and dissent. Larsen was intent on court-martialing the twenty-seven for mutiny from the start and referred the charges to general courts-martial over the finding of a lawyer investigating officer that there was no evidence of mutiny.

Capt. Robert S. Lamont, newly assigned as stockade commander, knew the stockade was overcrowded, food rations short, and conditions unsanitary, but his superiors ignored the problems. Inexperienced and ineffectual, his failure to respond to the needs and concerns of the prisoners contributed to the frustrations which led to the demonstration. When "Rusty" Bunch, a boyish-looking, 5 ft. 4 in. soldier from Tennessee known to the prisoners to be mentally disturbed (he would sit on his bunk and carry on conversations with himself and maintained he could walk through walls) was killed by a guard on October 11 for trying to escape, Captain Lamont ignored the prisoners' requests for an investigation. When the "mutineers" fell out of formation on the morning of October 14, he refused to listen to their grievances, instead calling out fifty MPs in full riot-control gear to break up the circle of twenty-seven scared boys sitting on the grass singing *We Shall Overcome* and *America the Beautiful.*

The stockade was really run by Sgt. Thomas R. Woodring, a hefty NCO who was convinced that harsh discipline and changing rules to keep the men off guard were the best way to run a stockade and who was not adverse to physical brutality. Pvt. Roy Pulley described what happened when he refused to join a heavy-work detail on the proper ground that his medical profile called for only light physical duty: "Sgt. Woodring ordered me into a back room . . . he knocked me down and sat on my stomach, pinning my right arm with his knee. Then he grabbed my wrist with one hand while with the other he took hold of my fingers. Then, slowly and methodically, he twisted my fingers until one of them was broken."

When the demonstration was broken up by the MPs, the processes of military justice began. A defense counsel, Capt. Brendan Sullivan, commented that the Army then had "two scandals on its hands: the stockade and the way

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military justice is applied here." It was clear that the command wanted an example made of the twenty-seven. Capt. Richard H. Millard, an appointed investigating officer who was warned by a superior not to investigate too deeply, said that he felt "so conscious they wanted me to return a mutiny finding that I worried I might react against my reaction." When he reported there was no evidence to support mutiny charges, the command was outraged; his superior told him, "From now on you're not to do any criminal-law work in this office." General Larsen rejected the report and referred the mutiny charges to court-martial anyway.

The military lawyers appointed as defense counsel experienced similar pressures. After the trials were over, Captain Sullivan observed: "I know now that you should always get a civilian lawyer. We were under such tremendous pressure not to challenge the structure of the court, not to challenge the pretrial advice, not to challenge the system."

An aggressive defense was conducted by Terence Hallinan, civilian attorney for most of the twenty-seven. Hallinan is the son of radical lawyer Vincent Hallinan who ran for President on the Progressive Party ticket in 1952 while in jail for contempt arising out of his defense of longshoremen's union head Harry Bridges. Hallinan had represented one of the twenty-seven prior to the mutiny; and during the demonstration some of the others had been shouting, "We want Hallinan." The Army believed that Hallinan and radical anti-war groups were behind the demonstration (although Gardner's evidence indicates it was spontaneous and not induced from outside). Hallinan sympathized deeply with the defendants (their average age was 19, median educational level was 10th grade, and fourteen were from disrupted families). Tremendous pressures, including promises of leniency, were put on them to drop Hallinan as their lawyer. All but one stuck with him, refusing to drop defenses which were highly critical of the stockade conditions and administration. The relatively light sentences finally received were a tribute to Hallinan's and to their own courage and tenacity.

Gardner's book shows an especially keen understanding of the world of the military. He catches the animosity between the "two-year men" and the "lifers," the resentments engendered by the officer-enlisted men caste system, the scarcely-below-the-surface racial tensions, and the failures of traditional methods of discipline to reach young recruits. He points up rather well the deficiencies in the court-martial system in which the commander has the power to appoint counsel and court members from his officers and to exert a tremendous influence, often subtle and hidden, over the proceedings.

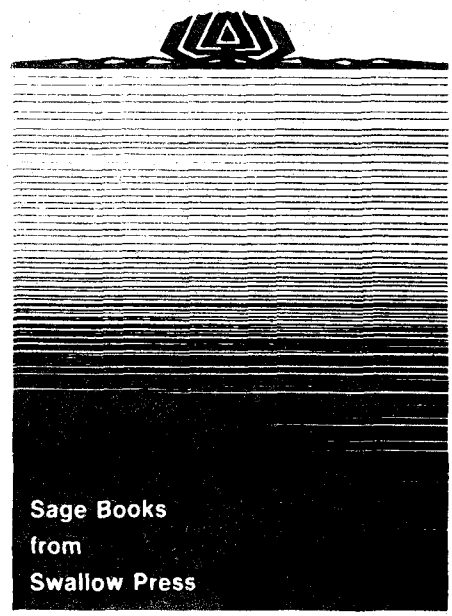
There are a few flaws. Gardner's discussion of certain technical aspects of military law is occasionally inaccurate or misleading. His account sometimes lacks a full appreciation of the legal significance of certain trial developments, as when he hints at bad motives or command influence in ordinary and proper rulings on the admissibility of evidence. Although Gardner has obviously made an effort to present an objective account of what happened, his radical and anti-military bias sometimes colors the account. He tends to view the Army too much as a great monolithic entity which always knows what it wants and acts deliberately and consistently to achieve those ends; he fails to recognize that the Army is a complex bureaucracy in which, despite chains of command, authority is often muddled and policies and objectives uncertain.

Despite these flaws, *The Unlawful Concert* is one of the best writings to come out of the Vietnamese War "GI Movement." Gardner makes it perfectly clear that the Presidio experience should be viewed in revolutionary terms. "To the civil libertarian," the author says:

WILLOW SONG

This girl, whose hair I dream,
walks like a willow in an endless dawn.
There is no harm in her. She is innocence adrift.
There is no school for her, no work at all.
We call her tragedy. The time loves nothing better.
Lord, let her move among thy searing highways
without shame or grief. Let no gold rapist
soil her sorrow. Her name is dreams,
my neighbor's truant daughter.

Milton Kessler



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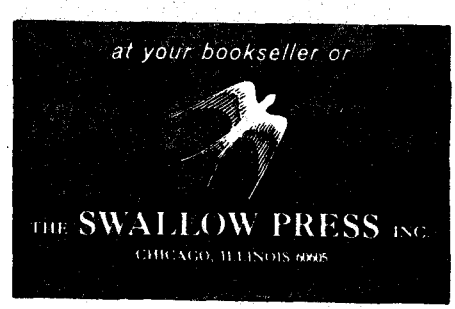

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the horror of the Presidio mutiny case was that General Larsen and his aides were able to obscure the line between dissent and disobedience by defining a nonviolent petitioning as the gravest of military crimes. But to organizers in the GI movement, Larsen was right. The line between dissent and disobedience is insignficant: it vanishes with time. If GIs in a stockade can demonstrate for better conditions, why can't basic trainees insist on eight hours' sleep at a post where mening.tis is endemic? Or for the removal of some particularly sadistic NCO? Or for the right to refuse a duty station, service in which would violate one's conscience? This scenario haunts the generals and gives hope to the men and women in the GI movement.

At a time when Americans are preparing themselves for the revelations of the Song My courts-martial, Gardner's message that concern for servicemen's rights must go beyond criminal due process to *rights of speech, dissent and conscience* is well worth our consideration. □

Disenchanted Symbols

CITY LIFE. *By Donald Barthelme. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 168 pp. $5.95.*

PETER BEREK
Mr. Berek teaches English at Williams College.

"The glass mountain stands at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Eighth Avenue," says the narrator of a story in Donald Barthelme's new collection, *City Life*. Like so much else in Barthelme's city, this sentence joins the familiar and the bizarre. "At the top of the mountain there is a castle of pure gold, and in a room in the castle tower sits . . . a beautiful enchanted symbol." The narrator is trying to climb the glass mountain. "I had strapped climbing irons to my feet," he tells us, "and each hand grasped a sturdy plumber's friend." We appear to be living in a city where landscape and events are surreal and baffling, but the peculiar surfaces of "The Glass Mountain" reveal a subject characteristic of this collection: the tension between ordinary life and the possibilities of art.

The narrator climbs from a street where Valiants and VWs line the curb near stumps of cut-down elms and "sidewalks full of dogshit in brilliant colors: ocher, umber, Mars yellow, sienna, viridian, ivory black, rose madder." Observed by acquaintances, he tries to reach the top of the mountain and disenchant the symbol. His quest may seem heroic, but he warns the reader that the trappings of heroism won't help: "the best way to fail to climb the mountain is to be a knight in full armor—one whose horse's hoofs strike fiery sparks from the sides of the mountain."

The conventional route to the castle is to be borne aloft in the claws of an eagle—as Barthelme tells us in a passage quoted from *The Yellow Fairy Book*—and the narrator follows literary convention, though momentarily taken aback because he has forgotten his Bandaids. Arriving in a courtyard filled with flowers and trees, he sees his goal. "I approached the symbol, with its layers of meaning, but when I touched it, it changed into only a beautiful princess. I threw the beautiful princess headfirst down the mountain to my acquaintances. Who could be relied upon to deal with her. Symbols identify what we will not obtain."

Barthelme's subject in *City Life* is the possibilities of a literature doomed to the production of symbols that pretend to clarify more than can be clearly seen. If this is the state of literature, the task of the writer is frustrating. "The Glass Mountain" offers us vivid emblems of that frustration; climbing irons, plumber's friends, and the impedimenta (a favorite word of Barthelme's) of the Village are unpromising materials for the creation of Keatsian nightingales. Perhaps an unnatural age demands mechanical art: in "The Glass Mountain," each of the hundred sentences is numbered. A companion story, "Sentence," compulsively refuses to pause for a period. Part of the fun of the story lies in seeing what can be done within the framework of a single, 8-page incomplete sentence, but the punning title reminds us that the writer himself is serving a sentence he cannot bring to an end.

For works like these, created by submitting inspiration to mechanical processes, Barthelme suggests the term "rationalized art." In "Paraguay," a travelogue account of a country not to be found in South America, he describes a world where microminiaturization has triumphed, leaving "big empty spaces in which men wander, trying to touch something." There, "each artist's product is translated into a statement in symbolic logic. . . . Foamed by a number of techniques, the art is then run through heavy steel rollers. . . . Sheet art is generally dried in smoke and is dark brown in color. Bulk art is air-dried, and changes color in particular historical epochs." Where art is rationalized into a product, and "each citizen is given as much art as his system can tolerate," how can art be more than décor? How can it serve the traditional and necessary functions of provoking and ordering man's feelings?

The charge of mechanical chicness was directed at Barthelme's earlier books, *Come Back, Doctor Caligari, Snow White* and *Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts*. Stories made by assembling ready-made trivia into parodic gags are in danger of being so ironically detached from valuable human emotions that they become a part of the landscape they claim to mock. Barthelme hasn't given up working with what, in *Snow White*, he called "trash"; but *City Life* incorporates a new dimension of self-criticism, a questioning of the relevance of trash to human emotions.

Two of his stories ask to be read in relation to those masters of feeling, the great novelists of the 19th century. "Views of My Father Weeping" uses the clichés of realistic 19th-century fiction—coachmen, great houses, public squares—to stage a modern quest for an honest account of a father's death and a true perception of the son's feelings. "At the Tolstoy Museum" teases our notions of The Great Writer and The Masterpiece by embodying them literally in a public monument. Yet what Tolstoy represents cannot be dismissed. Within this edifice, this museum of the past, emotions are powerfully and publicly expressed: "more than any other Museum, the Tolstoy Museum induces weeping." The narrator isn't sure whether or not to be glad we have had Tolstoy, but at least continues his progress through the building. "Perhaps something vivifying will happen to me there."

The enemy of what might vivify is irony, an irony as inescapable as it is deplorable. "Kierkegaard Unfair to Schlegel," perhaps the best story in this collection, is about the discontinuity between an artist's irony and the possibility, once inherent in art, of creating visions translatable into modes of life. "Do you think your irony could be helpful in changing the government?" asks the questioner in this question-and-answer story. Answer: "I think the government is often in an ironic relation to itself." The government sells surplus Army uniforms, thus creating "a vast clown army in the streets parodying the real army" and destroying the credibility of military might. Surely here is an illus-

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tration of the liberating power of irony. But the answerer of questions is not satisfied. He cites Kierkegaard, who says that "the outstanding feature of irony is that it confers upon the ironist a subjective freedom. . . . Irony is a means of depriving the object of its reality so that the subject may feel free." The consequence of such irony is the disappearance of the real world and its replacement by a "poetic" world. Poetry, says Kierkegaard, is a victory over the world, "but what is wanted . . . is not a victory over the world but a reconciliation with the world." The private pleasure of irony is not enough, but the only alternatives the answerer can find are sexual fantasy and the sentimentality of an old movie.

Donald Barthelme has not solved the problem of the morality of detachment, but he has embodied that problem in a symbolic structure that does justice to its complexity. Here, then, is the real life in *City Life*—not in the verisimilitudinous representation of human actions but in the presentation of valuable and disturbing metaphors for thinking about those actions.

Barthelme's genius is not narrative at all; when he tries to tell something like a conventional story, as in the title piece of the collection, his flat and vapid characters are as dull and empty as the world they parody. More like a lyric poet than a writer of fiction, Barthelme creates brilliant emblems of intellectual quandaries without resolving those quandaries in action. Individual sentences and paragraphs are wonderfully witty; we delight in his zany use of pictures and trick typography. But his final achievement is less unconventional than his surface appearance. When at his best —as he is six or seven times in *City Life* —Donald Barthelme's creations help vivify our plight even if they do not clarify its outcome. □

'Dear Father Freud'

THE LETTERS OF SIGMUND FREUD AND ARNOLD ZWEIG. *Edited by Ernst L. Freud. Translated by Elaine and William Robson-Scott. Harcourt, Brace & World. 190 pp. $6.95.*

PAUL ROAZEN

Mr. Roazen is the author of Freud: Political and Social Thought *and of the recently published* Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk *(both Knopf). He teaches political theory at Harvard.*

Sigmund Freud was one of the world's great letter writers. He regularly set aside time for correspondence and usually answered every bit of his mail almost immediately after receiving it. By this means he kept in touch with his followers all over the world, clarifying psychoanalytic theory and giving tips for handling difficult patients.

The Letters of Sigmund Freud and Arnold Zweig is only the sixth volume of Freud's letters to have appeared so far. Zweig was already established as a leading German literary figure before 1927 when he first got in touch with Freud by mail; Zweig had long since made a mark with his novel *Claudia*, and was just completing a new piece of fiction, *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, which has recently been brought back into print. From the outset Freud and Zweig exchanged letters as two dignitaries, and throughout the twelve years in which they wrote to each other they remained on relatively formal terms. As representatives of the best in Central European culture, they were both appalled at the rise of Nazism and both were driven to exile (Zweig to Palestine, Freud to London) by the barbarians of their era.

Zweig, who died in East Berlin in 1968, was Freud's junior by thirty-one years. He regarded himself as Freud's faithful pupil, a "foster son," and he came to address the master as "Dear Father Freud." His letters convey a heartfelt adulation: "Your achievement will . . . be sufficient to guarantee the immortality of Viennese cultural life in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries." As a writer himself Zweig could speak with some authority about Freud's prose: "You are the one living writer whose every sentence, without haste and without pause, communicates knowledge." Zweig could even divine the true though unexpressed aims of Freud's singular contribution to intellectual history: "analysis . . . can bring about the slow unshackling of mankind. . . . Analysis has reversed all values, it has conquered Christianity, disclosed the true Anti-Christ, and liberated the spirit of resurgent life from the ascetic ideal."

Freud was a fascinating writer, and nothing from his pen has ceased to be interesting. His correspondents, however, could rarely touch his capacities, intellectual as well as stylistic, so that following Freud's letter-writing relationships often leads to losing some respect for his disciples. Karl Abraham, for example, seems rather a boring straight man in his letters to Freud, Lou Andreas-Salomé an adroit diplomatist, Wilhelm Fliess a dotty romantic, and Oskar Pfister a virtuous though not very deep man of God.

In this correspondence Arnold Zweig comes across as a garden-variety neurotic. In and out of analysis throughout much of his friendship with the master, Zweig, like other men of great talent, chose analysts who were scientifically undistinguished. Thus when he writes of his latest novel that "thanks to my analysis, the last sections, the last third, are really successful," he does seem a poor devil in need of some perspective on himself and the power of psychoanalysis. It is good to discover that some people fully recognized the great man's stature in his lifetime. But when Zweig writes that he will "never tire of reading you and seeing your findings confirmed," and when he describes the gift of Freud's collected papers as "the foundation stone of a library as well as of life," then for Zweig's sake one does wish he could have been less hung up on himself (which led to this slavish

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devotion to Freud) and more fulfilled in his art.

These letters seem therefore one-sided, in that they are, quite properly, more taken up with Freud's life and work than with that of his younger and less distinguished partner. Yet unlike some of Freud's other correspondence this collection of letters has little scientific value. It was as an artist that Zweig could give Freud great pleasure; the one time Zweig wrote an essay on psychoanalysis Freud sent back a short, petulant note picking Zweig up on a few trifling inaccuracies. "I am always very touchy about little things," Freud immediately apologized. Freud was capable of being interested in everything, but when it came to his own discoveries he could be hard and possessive.

The Freud we see in these letters is not primarily the revolutionary in psychology, or even the leader of a large and growing movement, but a formidable old man measuring death stalk him. Less and less open to new influences, Freud spent his 70s and early 80s suffering terribly from cancer of the jaw. But he rarely gave himself up to anything approaching self-pity. He seems dispassionate in referring to "weeks of pain," to being "old, feeble and tired," to his "increasing feeling of helplessness," his painful disillusionment with people, and his conviction that he had less and less left to publish.

Yet despite a harrowing illness Freud retained his vitality and energy almost to the very end of his days. At the age of 79 he writes: "I still have so much capacity for enjoyment that I am dissatisfied with the resignation that is forced upon me. . . . I also find it hard to adapt myself to the role of the hero suffering for mankind, which you kindly assign me. My mood is bad, little pleases me, my self-criticism has grown much more acute."

When the fire was up in Freud he could be a great hater, bitter and vindictive. There is little mention of his erring pupils in these letters (save for calling Otto Rank a "mountebank"). But Freud gave full vent to his unremitting sense of being badly treated by the world at large, despite the honors that he received. When Freud was awarded the Goethe Prize for literature from the city of Frankfurt in 1930, Zweig commented that "your deep pessimism about the future of analysis is not quite justified after all." Freud wrote back that he could not deny being very pleased at the honor. "The thought of a closer connection with Goethe is very tempting, and the prize itself is more an act of deference to the person than an appraisal of his achievement. . . . For a reconciliation with my contemporaries it comes pretty late and I have never doubted that long after my day analysis will finally win through."

In response to the many birthday greetings when he reached 80, Freud wrote: "what nonsense to try to make up for all the ill-use of a lifetime by celebrating such a questionable date! No, let us rather remain enemies." Freud acknowledged having "all kinds of uncharitable prejudices with regard to humanity." He maintained his "wholly unscientific belief that mankind on the average and taken by and large are a wretched lot." It was one of the great man's contradictions that such convictions did not interfere with his capacity to be a cultivated charmer.

Although these letters sound very much like the Freud of old age we have already come to know (and it should be remembered that almost no one who wrote about Freud knew him before he was quite old), they give us almost no direct insight into his private life. But they do bear the unmistakable stamp of Freud's character. When Zweig said he was toying "constantly with the idea of writing your biography—if you would permit me," Freud wrote back:

> . . . alarmed by the threat that you want to become my biographer —you, who have so much better and more important things to do, you who can establish monarchs and who can survey the brutal folly of mankind from a lofty vantage point; no, I am far too fond of you to permit such a thing. Anyone who writes a biography is committed to lies, concealments, hypocrisy, flattery and even to hiding his own lack of understanding, for biographical truth does not exist, and if it did we could not use it. Truth is unobtainable, mankind does not deserve it, and in any case is not our Prince Hamlet right when he asks who would escape whipping were he used after his desert?

It is unlikely that publishers will give up encouraging the Freud family to bring out more books of such letters. Freud sent, for example, approximately 2,000 letters to Sandor Ferenczi, almost none of which have ever appeared in print. Probably the most valuable of Freud's correspondences, that with Carl Jung, is still outstanding. There are also several hundred letters between Freud and Ernest Jones, but since Freud often wrote to Jones in English, and since Freud's written English was not very elegant or even wholly grammatical, this particular set of letters will be very late in coming out. There is a legal rule which divides the right to sell a letter from the right to publish it; so while the recipients (and their heirs) of Freud's letters may get what money they can through sales or tax-deductible gifts, Freud's estate retains the right to publish his letters until fifty years after his death. Since Freud died in 1939, at best it will be some time before his letters start appearing in unexpurgated form.

There has unfortunately been a good deal of hanky-panky, well beyond the realm of medical discretion, in the editing of Freud's letters. While it is impossible as yet to check the Freud-Zweig correspondence against the uncensored originals, enough is known about the fate of Freud's other letters to make one appropriately wary. Ernest Jones included in his biography of Freud an important passage of a letter to Zweig; and although the rest of the letter is published in this collection, that particular passage has been omitted without even the benefit of ellipses.

Zweig had written to say that he was very moved at the news of Alfred Adler's sudden death in Aberdeen. Freud answered: "I don't understand your sympathy for Adler. For a Jew boy out of a Viennese suburb a death in Aberdeen is an unheard-of career in itself and a proof of how far he had got on. The world really rewarded him richly for his service in having contradicted psychoanalysis." Savage, yes, but in the long run Freud with all his warts will be more interesting than anything his most devoted followers can cut him down to.

The editing of this correspondence is not entirely successful in its footnoting. At one point Zweig mentions having heard from a close pupil of Freud's about the existence of a biography of the master by Isidor Sadger; a footnote "explains" that this is evidently a mistake for a well-known book by Fritz Wittels. Unknown to the editor (Freud's longest surviving son), Sadger did in fact write a biography of Freud, and this was probably the very book Arnold Zweig had heard about. But Sadger's account was deemed either so irreverent or malicious that a few of Freud's disciples succeeded in suppressing its publication. The history of psychoanalysis is no better, alas, or more open than the history of other major intellectual movements. □

AGE?

It can't happen to me.
We lose the image of youth
Painfully,
As if tearing the bandage
From an incurable wound.

H. R. Hays

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Rabbitry

ERNEST GRUENING
Senator Gruening chaired the Senate subcommittee on Foreign Aid Expenditures which held intensive hearings on the population crisis.

MARGARET SANGER: Pioneer of the Future. *By Emily Taft Douglas. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 274 pp. $7.50.*

TOO MANY: A Study of Earth's Biological Limitations. *By Georg Borgstrom. The Macmillan Co. 368 pp. $7.95.*

THE FIGHT AGAINST HUNGER. *By Charles Morrow Wilson. Funk & Wagnalls. 310 pp. $6.95.*

THE HUNGRY FUTURE. *By René Dumont and Bernard Rosier. Translated by Rosamund Linell and R. B. Sutcliffe. Praeger Publishers. 271 pp. $6.95.*

LET THEM EAT PROMISES: The Politics of Hunger in America. *By Nick Kotz. Prentice-Hall. 272 pp. $6.95.*

The socio-economic development known as "birth control," recognized first as a liberator of women, has increasingly been appreciated as a social, economic and ecological necessity if the human species is to survive on this small planet. It may well be that future historians, recording this tumultuous and cataclysmic century, marked by two World Wars, the atomic bomb, the penetration of outer space, will relegate these to lesser significance in the evolution of mankind than the pioneering effort to control human reproduction and population growth.

It is an amazing story, inextricably intertwined with the life of one individual, Margaret Sanger. It is a saga of vision, compassion, determination and unflinching courage. And Mrs. Douglas, former Congresswoman at large from Illinois, has told it admirably. She sums it up thus:

> When Margaret Sanger started her crusade, in 1914, federal, state and local laws were all arraigned against her. She was jailed eight times. The medical profession denounced her; the churches excoriated her and even liberal reformers shunned her. She entered the fight alone, a frail young woman without much education, with no social or financial backing, with nothing but conviction. Yet step by

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step, she made her point and eventually won her battles.

It is also a deeply moving story. As a trained nurse, working among the poor, Margaret Sanger saw the recurring tragedies of mothers physically worn out, sometimes physically endangered, by repeated and unwanted pregnancies, surrounded by ailing children whom the family could not support, in desperation resorting to self-abortion to obviate further family disaster, and pleading pitifully but vainly for the knowledge available to the well-to-do.

Margaret Sanger found all the entrenched forces of society mobilized against the dissemination of the knowledge that could have averted these disasters. She began an unremitting campaign for the right of women to control their own lives through possession of the information denied them.

When Margaret Sanger died in 1966 at the age of 86, she had lived to see a great breakthrough in the public attitude. Her last days were cheered by the Supreme Court's decision voiding the Connecticut law which forbade the prescription or use of contraceptive devices. But the remaining third of this century awaits the fuller implementation of the idea which for all time will be associated with her name.

Professor Borgstrom's scholarly study, *Too Many*, reveals its purpose and conclusion in its laconic two-word title, although Borgstrom does offer some discussion of what we can and must try in order to avert, postpone and minimize impending disaster. At the very least, "a pre-requisite for a 'New Deal for mankind' is knowledge about the highly tangible limits of our spaceship Earth—the biological limitations for man's existence." Borgstrom's pessimistic conclusion is that "mankind has already grown far beyond *reasonable boundaries*." He asserts that "Human numbers are rapidly reaching unmanageable proportions," that our resources excepting energy are grossly inadequate, and that "both as a human family and as agriculturists or food scientists we have lost the race between the baby crop and the grain crop."

It is therefore regrettable that he gives only two paragraphs to birth control in his concluding chapter—and no mention in the index—which makes one mildly wonder why all the previous pages of discussion on food production that will not suffice to save us. This reviewer ventures to suggest that all similar forecasts of deterioration and doom had better point out that family limitation could be the *sine qua non* of global salvation.

This recognition would seem all the more necessary for a book like *The Fight Against Hunger*. Charles Morrow Wilson's estimate of man's ability to feed himself adequately is unqualifiedly, and it seems to me, unrealistically, rosy—this, despite Wilson's expertness in the field of nutrition.

Hunger is not inevitable, he maintains. At least 45 per cent of the arable lands of the earth are not yet cultivated. The tropics can be used for diversified food production and not misused solely for financially profitable crops such as sugar or coffee, since tropical countries can all grow enough to nourish adequately their undernourished populations and dispense with their costly and inadequate imported foods. Wilson pays high tribute to India's "brilliant breakthroughs" in the improved upbreeding of food grains, to Mexico's success in multiplying its production of corn and wheat. He adds "the more readily evident fact that people are only now beginning to learn how to use land productively." Along with better farm machinery, better use of fertilizer, better soil preparation, comes the first man-made crop species, "triticale," a cross of wheat and rye, unique in its fruitful multiplication and adaptability to diverse climates.

So it is not surprising that Wilson discounts Malthusians as "pedants and academic theorists" with "their credo of eventual world hunger," and writes that "evidence to the contrary was gaining scope and impressiveness." The flaw in Wilson's optimism is that it is not the food supply alone which is sacrificed to man's reckless reproduction. Education, housing, spaciousness, are also to be considered. The man-made deterioration of the environment, the pollution of water, air and land are among the products of man's unbridled rabbitry.

René Dumont and Bernard Rosier, with an experience and expert knowledge comparable to Wilson's, wear no rosy spectacles. "India," they write, "is now in a state of chronic famine, varying in severity with hazards of the monsoons. the situation seems to us bound to deteriorate." But not only India: "The world is now in the grip of a colossal famine. In developed countries it may affect only certain underprivileged classes (the old, the subproletariat) but it is a vast problem in the poor nations."

These authors propose certain remedies: A "World Solidarity Fund" which would be set up under the auspices of the United Nations' FAO; the establishment of "communes," which they assert were extremely successful in combatting food shortages in China; *enforced* birth control.

It may be doubted whether the world is quite ready for these measures, assuming them to be sound. The authors themselves express doubt, writing in conclusion: "The new generation will find itself faced with difficulties such as the human race has never known before," and they add, modestly: "We want to help solve them but are not satisfied with the contribution we have made," and they invite readers to submit ideas.

How difficult it is to achieve even the most obviously needed reforms is clear from Nick Kotz's *Let them Eat Promises*. It is an angry book, and rightfully so. It is also an important book in its intimate revelations of how the system functions to obstruct the long overdue, essential reordering of our nation's priorities.

Kotz, a Pulitzer Prize winner, begins with an account of the efforts of two United States Senators, Robert Kennedy of New York and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, to relieve the hunger—almost starvation—of large segments of our population. Starting with their discovery of the dire plight of black families in Mississippi, whose children, undernourished from the time of conception, through infancy and childhood, were doomed to mental and physical defectiveness throughout life, these two dedicated public servants began a gallant attempt to secure remedial action. It is a depressing story. Their efforts were frustrated by the timidity—indeed cowardice—of Cabinet officers, by the racial prejudice and vested interests of certain Southern legislators, and by the indifference of those at the highest reaches of the federal Establishment.

But recorded also is the support of a legion of devoted individuals, many not in government, and of several in Congress, notably Sens. George McGovern and Walter Mondale, and of Sen. Ernest Hollings of South Carolina who, uniquely and courageously among Dixie's legislators, publicly recognized the existence of the problem and supported efforts toward its solution.

The need is still unmet—lost in the gap between officialdom's rhetoric and reality. It is, as the author concludes, "a dismal story of human greed and callousness, of immorality sanctioned by the government of the United States." This is a national disgrace of the richest and most powerful country on earth, whose leaders conceive that they have a mission for world leadership. □

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BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio*. Gwyneth Jones, Edith Mathis, James King, Peter Schreier, Theo Adam, Franz Crass, Martti Talvela, Dresden State Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Karl Böhm, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 2709-031. $17.94 (three discs).

DONIZETTI: *Roberto Devereux*. Beverly Sills, Beverly Wolff, Robert Ilosfalvy, Peter Glossop, Ambrosian Opera Chorus, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Charles Mackerras, cond. Westminster WST-323. $17.94 (three discs).

STRAUSS: *Salome*. Montserrat Caballé, Regina Resnik, Richard Lewis, James King, Sherrill Milnes, London Symphony Orchestra; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Red Seal LSC-7053. $11.96 (two discs).

WAGNER: *Tannhäuser*. Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Theo Adam, Chorus and Orchestra of the German Opera, Berlin; Otto Gerdes, cond. Deutsche Grammophon 139-284/7. $23.92 (four discs).

Why plan and make these expensive opera recordings? Motives can be deduced, but it is still puzzling that they should have been thought sufficient to guarantee a result of quality. For example, there are currently available eight different recordings of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, made over the span of a quarter-century, conducted by most of the celebrated Beethoven conductors of those years (e.g., Toscanini, Furtwängler, Klemperer) and employing the services of virtually all the currently qualified exponents of the very difficult protagonist's role.

Presumably it was thought that the Beethoven anniversary year would generate sufficient market for yet another version, but the presence of a very competent conductor and a cast of moderately capable singers does not result in anything memorable (in the sense of "worth repeated hearings"). Böhm brings to bear no special insights of structure or detail, such as one may hear from Klemperer or Furtwängler, and Miss Jones is simply not equipped to sing the part of Leonore; too preoccupied with the technical problems, she is unable to project through the music—and on a record there is no other way to project.

As justification for a new *Tannhäuser*, one might well adduce the fact that there is at present no really satisfactory recording, but nothing is gained by adding still another of the same quality. Here too the title role is of exceptional difficulty, and ten years ago Windgassen recorded it with some success; today it is almost impossible to listen to his effortful singing. When one also subtracts a conductor apparently unaware of the problems of pacing the work, and the characteristic Deutsche Grammophon voice-orchestra balance (excessively favorable to the singers), one is left with the probable reason for this recording: Birgit Nilsson's assumption, not entirely unjustified in dramatic terms, of the roles of both Venus and Elisabeth (profane and sacred love—get it?). Miss Nilsson sings with characteristic, if not always appropriate strength, but that is slender justification for the purchase of a four-record set. One is somehow not surprised to find that the producers have overlooked the most obvious justification for a new recording of *Tannhäuser*—there has never yet been an LP recording that employed Wagner's revised version of 1861, which incorporated extensive new material written after the composition of *Tristan*.

Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* has never before been recorded commercially, and the choice of this particular work among its composer's seventy operas was doubtless conditioned by the circumstance that the New York City Opera will revive it for Beverly Sills next season. It is, in fact, a fairly respectable example of its genre, the one-dimensional expressive-melody Italian opera, with a plot that follows English history (Elizabeth and Essex) at a considerable distance. The justification for this operatic style is clearly audible only when the vocal line's expressive character is clearly articulated, with rhythmic spring, sensitive tonal coloring and virtuoso accuracy. Miss Sills succeeds in these respects, while the others offer mostly a more generalized enthusiasm. The conductor's prevalently stately tempos would doubtless work better if everyone's performance was as finely detailed as the soprano's. At any rate, one truly musicianly performance is approximately one more than can be found in many recordings of this literature.

Salome, for all its celebrity, is not widely represented in the record catalogues, and Leinsdorf's performance is interesting. Strauss's attempts at imposing real continuity on his material grow progressively more fitful as the

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opera proceeds, the later pages deteriorating rather seriously, and in this performance the conductor provides an unusually firm reading, of great benefit to the first pages but surprisingly revelatory of the structural flaws later on. Equally and unexpectedly successful is Caballé's reading of the title part: silvery in sound, rhythmically subtle, and long of phrase. The remainder of the cast is adequate.

In the twenty-two years since the introduction of LP records, there have been countless operatic recordings, to the extent that the standard repertory is almost exhausted. Yet if one regards the literature (as distinct from the repertory), there remain a number of significant works of obvious musical quality. Some of them—and others of less obvious quality but of decided historical interest—will apparently be released soon: e.g., Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, Busoni's *Doktor Faust*, Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*. We still lack good recordings of—to name just a few that spring to mind—*Boris Godunov* in the composer's own version; Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*; Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*; Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* and *Alceste*, Dallapiccola's *Prigioniero*; Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*. But further repetitions of the much recorded war horses, save in the exceptional circumstances of uniquely qualified casts and (especially) conductors, are reaching a point of no return. □

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Zoe Caldwell as Colette is fantastic. I use the adjective advisedly. There is an element of fantasy about *Colette*, the theatre piece (Ellen Stewart Theatre, 240 East 3rd Street), as there was about Colette the writer. The real world of the luxurious Paris of 1912 is now a memory at once artificial and glamorous. Even in its time it was an *ancien régime* enamored of its own dream and reputation. It staged its own actuality. Its appeal lies in its narcissistic image of itself. Even a glimpse of it in the squalor of New York is destined to be a hit.

Colette was a woman avid for sensation and its acute observer. Her work is replete with sights, scents, tactile notations of domestic animals, flowers, plants, birds, fabrics, gems, clothes, gardens, the delicacies of the table and the vine, the delights and torments of the alcove and bedroom, hetero- and homosexual. Colette was a hedonist, a taster; she poetized the physical—both the familiar and the cultivated—in an exquisitely iridescent tissue of verbiage, airy, fruity and silken, which retained something of a sharp peasant shrewdness.

Colette is a series of vignettes and tableaux culled by Elinor Jones from *Earthly Paradise*, a collection by Robert Phelps of Colette's autobiographical writings. Either because the precise quality of Colette's prose is difficult to transmit in English or because the excerpts are too brief to weave the necessary spell, the sensuous shimmer of her style is barely communicated in the text of this production.

Thus it is a triumph of stagecraft to make even a little of the Colette world emerge from the skimpy material. Reading the script one would hardly believe that it could be staged at all. Gerald Freedman has accomplished an extraordinary feat in making of these literary cuttings a performance that unquestionably affords pleasure.

He has done it with the aid of a piano (in addition to a bit of singing between episodes) as accompaniment to some of the dialogue. The neat changes in time and place and the expert use of the small cast also contribute to the pleasant effect. Except for Zoe Caldwell, Mildred Dunnock as Colette's wise mother and Charles Siebert as the rascally Willy, who married Colette when she was 15 and claimed the authorship of her early books, all actors play several roles with unobtrusive candor. The tone of the production is nicely stagey in a manner that evokes a period in the theatre untroubled by naturalism.

Still none of this would succeed in making the evening *play* if it were not for Zoe Caldwell's extraordinary verve. Her talent is unique: I know of no English-speaking actress today who has her technical attributes, combined with so much zest, intelligence, humor and sense of performance. Her voice is bronze, which is also how Colette's voice is described. Each word she utters is "sculpted." Her amazing eyes flash messages, her slightest intention is writ large, though by means which are rarely blatant. Her keenness of observation is sustained by a marvelous mimetic faculty. Without vulgarity she communicates the joys of the theatrical.

Every virtue has its danger: the script of *Colette* being little more than a scenario rendered in thin slices, Miss Caldwell is obliged to make immediately striking impressions—very much as if they were photographic slides or chromos. Because of this, and because too of her special gifts, she injects an element of artifice that is attractive as spectacle but somehow fails to convey a sense of living experience. While I came away from the performance admiring its virtuosity, I could not say I had seen more than a splendid imitation of a woman writer known as Colette. The woman's "life" had entertained rather than touched me.

This, I repeat, may be due in large measure to the nature of the text. Everything is thrust upon us, nothing unfolded. Thus the high moment of the occasion is not, for example, Colette's speech before the Belgian Academy, in which she has some excellent things to say about writing, but the pantomime-melodrama in which she is seen in the variety show into which Willy had forced her for his gain. This is not only very funny but has the genius of histrionic re-creation of a popular old-time way of theatrical expression.

If you really want to know Colette, read her books. For all her refined sensibility—she did learn much from her mother's great lesson to "look, look, look"—they contain something tart, hard and mean, a trait typically French which at times lends French writers their brilliance. I mention this here to differentiate what I feel about Colette as author and Zoe Caldwell as actress.

Colette's love of life has something feline in it. She exposed herself to the

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delicious bloom of whatever the world offered her, a bounty received with very few "general ideas." But there is another sort of love, not so readily defined in sensory terms which Colette's work does not altogether encompass and for lack of which she remains after all something less than a master. On the other hand, Caldwell the robust Australian has, besides her tremendous gusto and capacity for laughter, a richer fund of earthy power and greater generosity of spirit than anything one finds in Colette as writer. These will develop further when she has a role in a play which permits the full use of her natural instincts as much as she now exults in her bravura. At the moment she deserves nothing less than our enthusiastic blessings.

If the performance of *Colette* is more American than French nothing much is lost as far as we are concerned. But I rather regret that the staging and acting of Joe Orton's *What the Butler Saw* is so un-English (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre). The cast races through the play, puffing, panting and perspiring because that is supposed to be the way farce should be played. But something essential is overlooked in the treatment given it by director Joseph Hardy. The play cannot please through its movement but through its verbal sparkle.

Joe Orton could write. There was a cutting anger in him that was made painfully abrasive by his mocking tongue. The ire of the English young had become deft, artful and murderous. In *What the Butler Saw*, his last play, he seemed to enjoy a respite from venom and turned his natural bent to sheer fun. The wicked jokes are still there, but they scoot past in harum-scarum antics as if only half meant.

What is being scoffed at is the stupidity of government bureaucracy (in this case medical), but more especially the sexual ambivalences of the English "smart set"—which by now seems to include everybody in London with a semi-comfortable income.

The plot employs the disguises of a man dressed as a woman and a woman dressed as a man so that their sex is supposed to be unrecognizable even when it is unmistakable at a glance. This is a device which dates back to Plautus (and perhaps earlier) and has been used by Shakespeare and Molière, not to mention *Charley's Aunt* and burlesque comics.

A comparison with Feydeau has also been made, but the parallel is deceptive. Feydeau's plots are so mechanically plausible that their very ingenuity rouses the laughter of surprise. Apart from that, his objectivity produced satiric effect; his formula was "Place ordinary folk in extraordinary circumstances." Orton's characters in *Butler* are neither ordinary nor real; they are counters set up to emit rippling epigrams, crackling insults, campy conceits for our delectation as civilized hippies.

The production would benefit therefore from more "stylish" speech, a parody of corrupt English manners, emphasis on brain work, however zany, instead of energy and muscle. But the audience seems to be happy with the sheer rush of insane events and is content to catch the fancy jokes on the fly. So I restrict my complaint, since I found the ingénue Diana Davila very cute and nearly all the rest of the cast altogether competent. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The Venice Biennale, boycotted by students in the summer of 1968, and long the subject of floating discontent, is due again next month for the thirty-fifth time. The exhibition plans so far announced or leaked are not encouraging about the new look that was signaled when the heat was on. At a time when the oldest biennial exhibition is under pressure, it is worth considering the position of the newest, the Bienal de Arte Coltejer at Medellín, Colombia, the second edition of which opened last month.

Its scope is the art of the Americas, more than twenty countries from A to V (that is, Argentina to Venezuela), with a concession for Spain, because of the Conquistadores who linger in the genes and architecture of modern Latin America. I doubt that the old conquests need be memorialized in future biennials. The art of Spain, with an exception to be mentioned later, is no longer that of a donor culture. The Spanish section is feeble and dispiriting, much weaker than the art of the once recipient Latin American countries. Spanish artists have no particular interest in South America and the time is past for South Americans to feel culturally bound to such nationalistic clichés as Spanish monochrome and gestural painting as a sublimated *corrida*.

A large exhibition of this kind (about 170 artists with an average of three works each) performs a real service for South America in a way that no longer holds true for North America or Europe. The level of public information about art needs to be below a certain point for these big anthologies to be useful. After World War II, for instance, the Venice Biennale contributed decisively to the renewal of international data exchange, but twenty-five years of unimpeded internationalism have left it with very little to do. South America, however, has a fast-growing number of artists, many of them neither well known outside their own countries nor fully informed about other artists. In addition, Colombia is almost without collectors or galleries. Hence a biennial, such as Medellín's, puts artists in touch with one another's work and performs the public service of education.

The exhibition offers the only chance at present to see a big group of contemporary Latin American art. There used to be the Bienal Americana de Arte at Cordoba (1962, 1964, 1966), financed by Industrias Kaiser Argentina, but it was discontinued when the company changed hands. Kaiser was a North American company, well established in Argentina, but Coltejer, the sponsor of Medellín's biennial, is a Colombian textile company. In both cases the timing was excellent as industry intervened to end information scarcity.

The trend best represented in Medellín was geometric and concrete art, which

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has solid and proven bases in both Argentina and Venezuela. (The jury, of which I was a member, awarded the major prizes in this area: to Luis Tomasello, Francisco Salazar and Ary Brizzi.) On the other hand, the main alternative to geometry, new figuration—an expressionistic figure style with successful folkloric annexations, formulated as a movement in Buenos Aires in 1963—was thinly shown. This seemed due to accidents of contact and availability rather than to a diminution of this kind of socially conscious painterliness. What Pop art there was tended toward political imagery, as in the only Spanish work of consequence, the paintings of the Equipo Cronica. This two-man team combines political caricature and art historical references in a hard, clear, dead-pan manner of painting. A simplified style of silhouettes and blown-up details was used by several artists for anti-U.S. and anti-Franco subjects. (Background influences on political Pop art include, perhaps: Robert Indiana, who alone of New York painters has politicized Pop art; Alan d'Arcangelo for the obviousness of his vistas and street signs; and Rauschenberg's use of the image of John F. Kennedy in his silk-screen paintings.) D'Arcangelo, incidentally, was one of the North American group, an odd selection which did have the virtue of big, firm, glowing canvases by Alex Katz.

Julio Le Parc (Argentina) was represented not by his usual kinetic work but by an improvised participatory piece with a message. He built a booth with cut-out figures for spectators to attack. The targets, in black silhouette, represented from left to right: motherhood, Napoleon, sex, Uncle Sam, Mickey Mouse, the police, the Pope and a hippie. Having won the Venice Biennale grand prize four years ago, Le Parc now feels that the relation of social reality and art (the title of a dissenting seminar that he arranged) must be resolved in favor of action. His iconography of commitment, however, seemed a feeble collection of stereotypes, neither corresponding to Colombian political realities nor adequate as a manifesto of more widespread revolution. Le Parc's revolutionary art was, in fact, very Mickey Mouse.

The choices facing a South American artist conscious of problems of cultural identity can be schematized somewhat as follows: (*1*) European affiliations, whether Spanish, the School of Paris, or Swiss, where Max Bill's geometrics are important; (*2*) North American influence: New York is seen as the successor to Paris, but recognition of the fact is mixed with anti-U.S. feelings in other areas. If Europe functions largely in terms of heritage, the United States is seen gloomily as the future, to the extent that the process of industrialization is unstoppable in South America; (*3*) Indian culture as an infra-structure: though low in terms of production, this idea is pursued as an alternative to the two imperialisms, of past and future. It is a kind of theory of negritude in terms of Indian-ness.

Past attempts to assimilate indigenous motifs have taken the form of Abstract paintings color cued by native crafts or simulating pictographs or, worse, by a kind of Tourist Cubism. The Center for Inter-American Relations in New York (680 Park Avenue), in an unusual show of energy, has put on an exhibition. The artist is Alejandro Obregón, a Colombian painter who puts orchids and tiger skulls into a Graham Sutherland picture-space. Obregón, together with Fernando Botero, are probably Colombia's best-known export artists; Botero uses *ex-voto* figures in a false-folk style, a formalization of naive Roman Catholic imagery, as gross in its way as Obregón's tropical ornaments. The fact is, Colombia lacks decent middle-aged artists; the formation of a native style in painting and sculpture has to be done by the young artists. It is probable that when it happens it will come about from a collision of the sense of Indian roots and the rising level of knowledge about art, of which the biennial is a good sign. Colombian artists are at the crucial point when it is no longer tolerable to be good by accident (the satisfaction of amateurs and provincials). □

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to hang onto, as I carry it about.

The stairway's chopped,
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to the door I never decently locked
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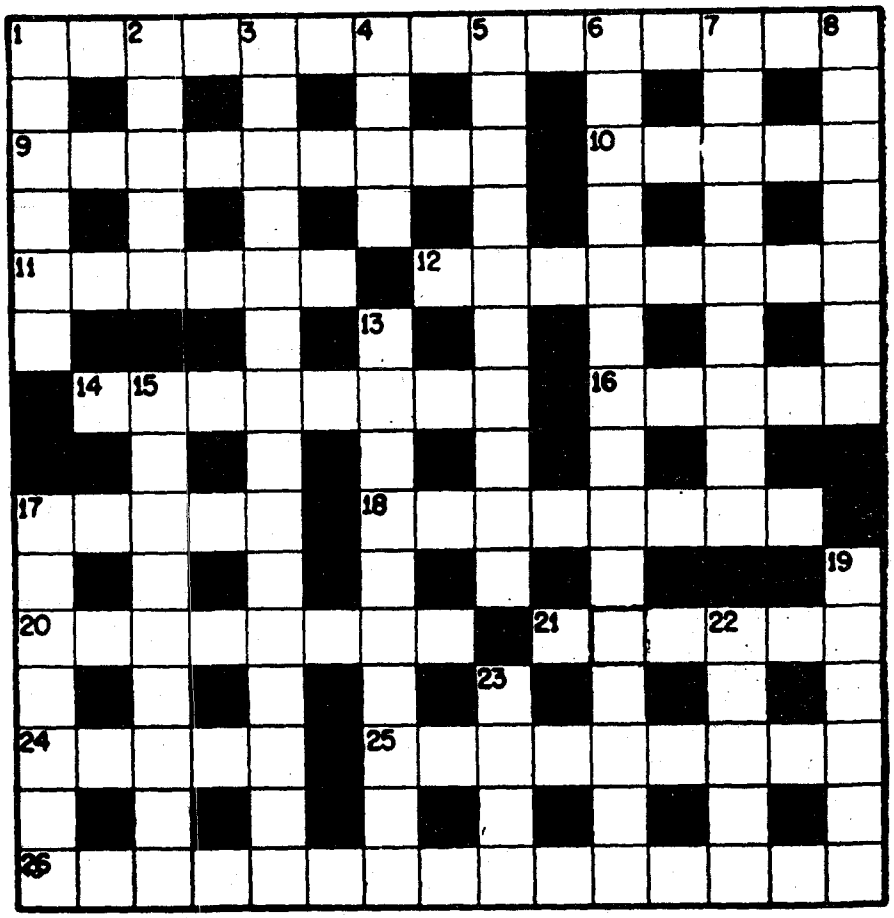
Crossword Puzzle No. 1347

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Not the condition of one with a compulsive thirst, though there's a lot of pressure involved. (5,2,3,5)
9 Sin is more likely to cause it, and perhaps get it. (9)
10 A bad place to have been—especially when it was destroyed! (5)
11 They might prevent one from getting hit, or might even lead to one getting hit. (6)
12 It doesn't seem to be a very important vessel, rather like one of the Balearic class. (8)
14 Is one found in the act of take-off? (8)
16 You might use it for a light fall, accidentally. (5)
17 Potential biblical stinger? (5)
18 It might be a stock presentation, unless in church. (8)
20 Obviously didn't follow the clue here! (8)
21 Sounds like opportunity, as they might say. (6)
24 The defense could be elsewhere. (5)
25 A clean nib, perhaps, doesn't have a tip. (2,7)
26 Such bands might show promise. (10,5)

DOWN

1 Now unimpeachable home of Jack or Peter? (6)
2 The Island of Dread? (5)
3 Greater things in what it takes to make it? (15)
4 A man is naturally simple, if an unusual sort like this. (4)
5 Scrimshaw, perhaps, made by one of the sailors and 1 on the ship? (10)
6 A fearsome character that might be just a Massachusetts unknown, about 50. (6,9)
7 Getting hooked in total summation, about the beginning of the century. (9)
8 Trifling in comparison with the actual value, so-called. (7)
13 Is a tip of the slung identification tag enough? (10)
15 Made out of gravel and tin, as a moving description. (9)
17 Land first, then this, perhaps. (7)
19 They might sew your sheets, as a famous 13 implies. (6)
22 One of those churchmen that could be fired, by the sound of it. (5)
23 Black, but could be something like ivory. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1346

ACROSS: 1 Barracks; 5 and 21 down Poetic license; 10 and 8 down Lincoln Center; 11 Pattern; 12 Stern; 13 Ineffable; 14 Extra; 16 Galactic; 19 Landfall; 22 Argon; 24 Pneumatic; 28 Iridium; 29 Netting; 30 Sadder; 31 Bearings DOWN: 1 Baluster; 3 and 26 across Around and about; 4 Kenning; 6 and 2 down Out of range; 7 Trembling; 9 Appeal; 15 Trade wind; 17 Character; 18 In stages; 20 Autumn; 23 Spoils; 25 Maine; 27 Onion.

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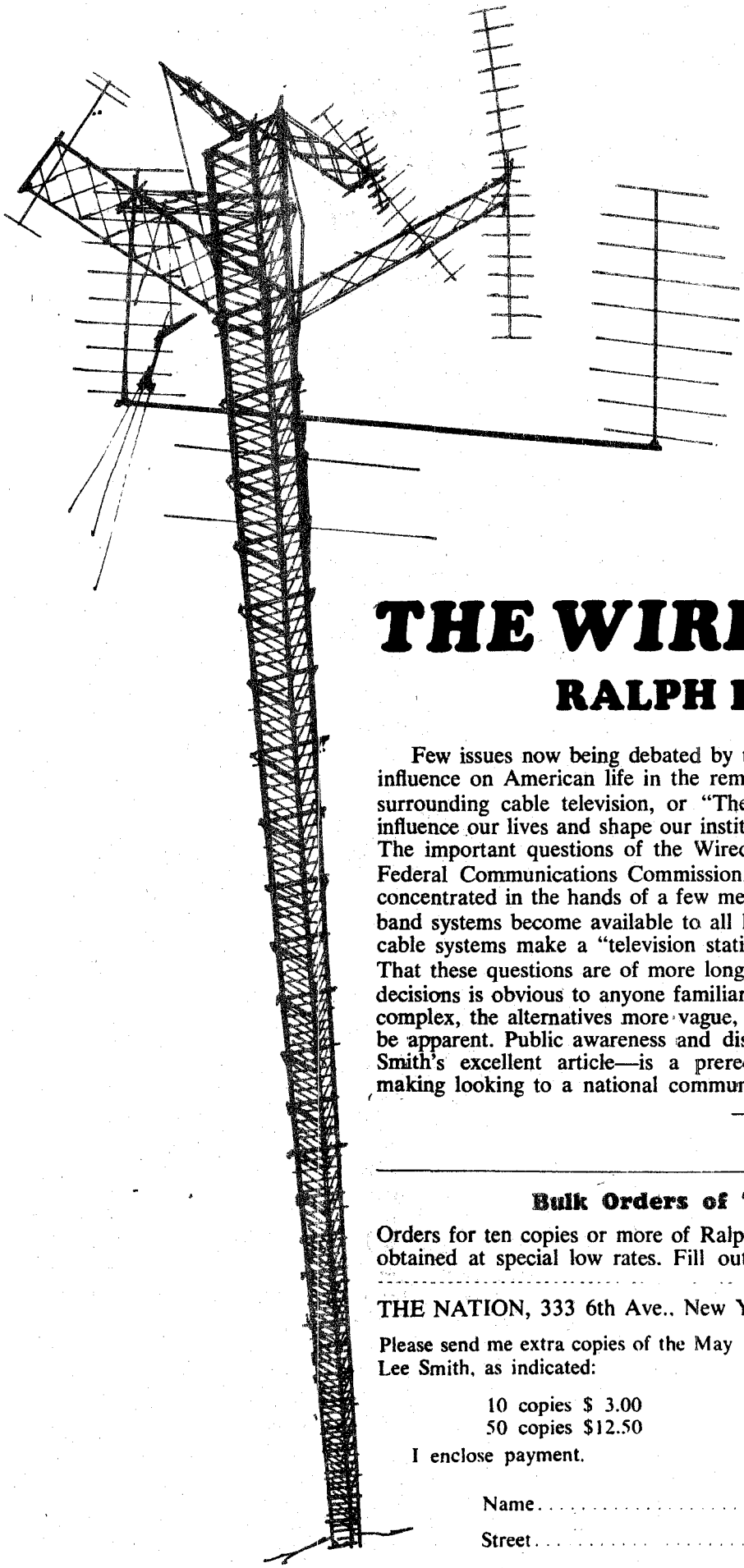

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RALPH LEE SMITH

Few issues now being debated by the federal government have more potential influence on American life in the remaining third of this century than the issues surrounding cable television, or "The Wired Nation." Communications systems influence our lives and shape our institutions in ways unlike any other technology. The important questions of the Wired Nation are now being considered by the Federal Communications Commission. Will control over cable television become concentrated in the hands of a few media barons? Will two-way, switched, broadband systems become available to all homes? Will "common-carrier" channels on cable systems make a "television station" available to all who want to use one? That these questions are of more long-range consequence than conventional FCC decisions is obvious to anyone familiar with the subject. That the issues are more complex, the alternatives more vague, and the pressures more intense should also be apparent. Public awareness and discussion—such as will be produced by Mr. Smith's excellent article—is a prerequisite to intelligent government decision making looking to a national communications system for the future.

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